Jawbreaker

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

1 EXT. BEAUTIFUL HOUSE - DAWN 1

Green grass glistening with dew. Stillness. Eerie silence. Suddenly -- the sprinklers violently WHIRL to life. Blades of water slice through the morning air.

2 INT. BEDROOM 2

Stuffed animals. Cheerleading uniform on the floor. A vanity with scattered make-up, mousse and magazines, *sassy* and *seventeen*, photos of friends around the mirror.

In the lacy bed lies the SLEEPING BEAUTY. Silky hair cascading down the pillow. Delicate hands move only slightly. Manicured nails pristine in the morning light. A dot or two of clearasil. Sheer innocence in an oversize T-shirt and boxers.

Suddenly -- the door FLIES open. A FLURRY of movement. Covers RIPPED off her.

Huge multi-colored jawbreaker candy SHOVED into her mouth.

Ankles TIED. Wrists BOUND. STRUGGLING, but to no avail.

She is dragged out of bed, kicking and SCREAMING. Her boxers ride up her thighs as she HITS the floor.

3 EXT. BEAUTIFUL HOUSE - DAWN 3

From inside the trunk of a car...

Quick movement. Masked figures, then -- SLAAAM! The trunk is shut.

We are inside. In the dark trunk. WE HEAR MUFFLED WHIMPERING.

The car doors CLOSE. Engine REVS. Car IN MOTION.

A gloved hand pushes a CD into the car stereo. WE HEAR nothing but the SOUND of the CD SLIDING INTO the player.

Suddenly, the PERKY NEW WAVE SOUNDS of Cyndi Lauper's "*She-Bop.*"

4 WE REVEAL THREE BOBBING HEADS SINGING ALONG AND LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY. 4

(CONTINUED)

4

In the front seat, MARCIE FOX, high school senior, rips the stocking off her head, feverishly spinning her day-glow yo-yo. COURTNEY SHAYNE drives, in total control, applying lip gloss to her perfect smile. JULIE FREEMAN, less affected and more innocent looking, sits in back.

MARCIE
She is gonna *die*!

COURTNEY
Tell me about it. Wish I had friends who would do this to *me* on *my* birthday.

JULIE
Right. You'd have us killed.

COURTNEY
Brutally maimed, my dear.

JULIE
Think she can breathe back there?

COURTNEY
She's fine.

MARCIE
So what are we gonna do to her?

COURTNEY
Stuff her pretty face with a Grand Slam at Denny's, tie her to the flagpole in her bra and panties, and watch the fun begin.

MARCIE
She is gonna *die*!

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DENNY'S - MORNING 5

The Mustang pulls into the sparsely populated parking lot.

6 INT. MUSTANG 6

Courtney moves like a drill sergeant.

COURTNEY
Polaroid.

Marcie hands her the camera.

6

MARCIE
I haven't been up this early in decades.

COURTNEY
Oh, but you look so young, Vampira.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. DENNY'S 7

Courtney stands proudly before the trunk.

COURTNEY
Who's doing the honors?

MARCIE
Me!

COURTNEY
Aren't we the anxious one.

Marcie positions herself by the trunk. Courtney aims the Polaroid.

COURTNEY
Alright, girls. One is for bitch. Two is for witch. *Pop it, Marcie!*

Marcie POPS the trunk.

The camera FLASHES. SPITS OUT the photo.

A POLAROID IMAGE MATERIALIZES in ACCELERATED MOTION.

The girls GASP.

Their friend is blue. Eyes glazed. Lifeless.

Courtney's hands go limp. The camera falls in SLOW MOTION. PULVERIZED by the asphalt. The photo falls after it.

JULIE
Oh my God.

MARCIE
What happened to her?

COURTNEY
Liz?

MARCIE
This is a joke, right?

COURTNEY
Liz, this is *so* not funny.

MARCIE
Yeah, Liz. Quit it!

Courtney physically shakes her.

COURTNEY
Liz? Liz? Liz?

JULIE
She's...

COURTNEY
She's a *bitch*!

Courtney SLAPS the girl's face hard, then recoils, holding her hand away from herself.

MARCIE
What's wrong?

COURTNEY
God.

MARCIE
What?!

COURTNEY
She's...

JULIE
No.

MARCIE
Don't.

COURTNEY
She's...

JULIE
WHAT?

COURTNEY
She's...*dead*.

MARCIE
Oh my God. *Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God...*

Marcie raises her hands to her face and starts to SCREAM. Julie backs away. Courtney is reeling.

A CUSTOMER exits the restaurant. Courtney SLAMS the trunk shut and snaps into action.

COURTNEY
Okay. Get in the car.

MARCIE
OH FUCK! OH FUCK! OH FUCK!...

COURTNEY
MARCIE! *SHUT THE FUCK UP!*

CUSTOMER
Are you okay, miss?

COURTNEY
Yeah, she's *fine*.

Courtney's pushing Marcie into the car.

COURTNEY
Just get in the car, Marcie. Get in the car.
(to customer)
It's okay. Really, it's okay.

She nearly shoves Marcie in the back seat. Julie just stands there.

COURTNEY (cont'd)
Julie? Come on, Julie! Time to go!

Courtney smiles at the customer and helps Julie into the car.

8 INT. MUSTANG 8

The three of them sit in the parked car. Marcie is shaking.

MARCIE
Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. We killed Liz. We actually killed her.

COURTNEY
Shut up, Marcie. Shut up! It was an accident. A total accident.

MARCIE
We're dead. We're dead. Shit. No. *Liz* is dead. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God, Courtney. We killed Liz.

8

COURTNEY
Look, it was an accident, okay? A plane crash. A brain tumor. Shit happens.

JULIE
Shit happens?

MARCIE
We killed our best friend, Courtney. We killed Liz. She's dead. Oh, wait. Wait. Maybe she's not dead. Maybe she's just in shock. You know, like in a strange catatonic state where she can hear and see and breathe, but not move or speak. Oh my God. She probably hates us.

COURTNEY
My God, Marcie. She's dead. She doesn't hate you.
(to herself)
She haunts you.
(beat)
We have to get out of here.

Everyone is silent. Courtney PEELS away.

9 EXT. SUBURBAN BACK ALLEY - DAY 9

The three girls stand before the trunk. Courtney POPS IT. Liz has become even more blue.

MARCIE
Oh my God. That is *so* not alive. Her tan is like...desolate.

Liz's mouth is wide open, purple lips frozen in a contorted scream -- But the jawbreaker is nowhere to be seen. Actually, it *can* be seen.

There is a golf ball size lump in the girl's throat.

JULIE
Oh my God. She choked on the jawbreaker.

MARCIE
Look, it's stuck in her throat.

JULIE
The jawbreaker was your idea, Courtney.

COURTNEY
Yeah, but the kidnapping was *our* idea.

9

JULIE
It's one thing tying your friend up and driving her around town in her pajamas. It's another thing to shove a huge candy ball down her throat.

COURTNEY
You didn't seem to mind when I did it.

JULIE
I knew this whole thing was wrong from the beginning. Too dangerous. Too like a movie. I'm such an *idiot*.

COURTNEY
Exactly. You didn't speak up. You went along with it. Silence equals agreement. *Accomplice*.

JULIE
Accomplice?

COURTNEY
Fucking follower.

MARCIE
Stop it, you guys. What are we gonna do? We have to figure out what to do.

A GARDENER'S truck pulls into the alley. They freeze.

COURTNEY
Fuck.

Courtney SLAMS the trunk.

COURTNEY (cont'd)
You can't get any privacy on this God forsaken planet.

MARCIE
Fucking overpopulation.

They girls get in the car. The Gardener gives them a friendly wave. Courtney gives him the finger as she SCREECHES away, almost plowing him down.

10 INT. MUSTANG - DAY 10

Courtney flies down the street.

JULIE
We have to call the police.

10 CONTINUED: 10

COURTNEY
We can't.

JULIE
Why not? It was an accident.

COURTNEY
Let's just face it, Julie. Once the cops are involved, we're toast. I mean, the dicks pull you over for not wearing a seat belt. Can you imagine the field day they're gonna have with three hot high school babes who kidnapped and killed the head cheerleader? They'll destroy us.

MARCIE
She's right, Julie. Cops are pigs.

JULIE
But what about Liz? What about her parents?

COURTNEY
What about them?

JULIE
They'll be back tomorrow.

MARCIE
That's right.

JULIE
You can't just drive around with a dead body in your trunk.

MARCIE
Yeah, we can't just leave her in there.

Courtney makes a SHARP TURN.

11 THE BODY SHIFTS 11

In the trunk, making a LOUD THUMP.

MARCIE
Oh God. Did you hear that?! I'm gonna be sick.

COURTNEY
Just shut up. We have to think.

JULIE
Courtney, people are going to know something's wrong when she doesn't show up at school.

MARCIE
Yeah, Sherwood will call her house and check to see where she is. She was absent like ten times this year.

COURTNEY
Marcie, you're a genius.

MARCIE
I am?

COURTNEY
We'll call in sick for Liz. That will give us time.

JULIE
Courtney. We have to tell the truth.

COURTNEY
What *is* the truth, Julie? You tell me.

JULIE
It was an accident. You didn't realize the jawbreaker would melt in her mouth and get stuck in her throat.

COURTNEY
You think anybody will believe that? Miss Teen Dream is dead. This town is going to look for somebody to pin it on, and it ain't gonna be me.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. DESOLATE BRIDGE 12

The Mustang is parked on the side of the road.

13 INT. MUSTANG 13

Courtney takes her cellular phone out of the glove compartment.

COURTNEY
Okay. Who's got the motherly voice? Julie?

JULIE
No. No way. I want nothing to do with this.

COURTNEY
Okay. Her mom just got that face lift. She's kind of got that taut-face jive going on. You know...
(tight-mouthed)
...Liz, honey, could you take out the trash? Esperanza's off for the weekend and my chin's stapled to the back of my neck...

MARCIE
That was really good.

COURTNEY
What do you mean?

MARCIE
The way you imitated Liz's mom.
(beat)
I'm just saying you're in control.

COURTNEY
Oh. I know.
(beat)
Okay. What's school's number?

MARCIE
859-BLOW. I swear to God. That's the only reason I know it.

She dials.

COURTNEY
Okay.
(beat)
Shhh! It's ringing.
(beat, adjusts voice)
Hi, this is Mrs. Purr, Elizabeth's mother. I'm just calling to tell you Liz won't be at school today.
(beat)
Oh, I know. I know she's had a lot of absences, but the poor girl woke up with a blistering fever. Could you send one of her girlfriends home with her assignments?
(beat)
Thank-you so much, Miss Sherwood. Have a nice day.

She hangs up.

MARCIE
Perfect.

COURTNEY
Could you die?

MARCIE
Liz can.

Courtney and Marcie LAUGH. Julie looks out the window, longing to be anywhere else.

FLASH CUT:

THE POLAROID IMAGE of Liz SPITS out of the camera.

14 EXT. MONDALE HIGH - MAIN ENTRANCE - PARKING LOT 14

The Mustang TEARS into a prime spot -- the name "*Courtney Shayne*" monogrammed in the parking space.

15 INT. MUSTANG 15

Marcie goes to get out. Courtney AUTO LOCKS the doors and turns to Marcie and Julie.

COURTNEY
(serious as hell)
Okay. Reality check. Liz is in the trunk of this car, and she is dead. That is a sad, fucked-up thing. But you are going to walk into that school, and you are going to strut your shit down that hall like everything is peachy fucking keen. *Get it?*

Marcie nods like a frightened rodent.

COURTNEY (cont'd)
Julie?

JULIE
Whatever.

CUT TO:

16 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM 16

Smoke hovers as a couple of GIRLS vamp at the mirror. There is an occupied stall. Courtney, Marcie, and Julie enter the bathroom like royalty.

COURTNEY
Alright, bitches. Out!

MARCIE
Move it! Move it!

Marcie SNAPS her yo-yo at the girls.

Courtney SLAMS her fist against the occupied stall.

COURTNEY
That means you, too, *gusher*.

The MAKE-UP MONGERS flee the bathroom. The stall door opens. Out comes FERN MAYO, drab and freckled in a bad hand-me-down.

FERN
Hi, Julie.

JULIE
Oh, hi Fern.

Fern goes to wash her hands. Marcie flings her yo-yo at her, binding her pale wrists together.

MARCIE
No, no, no, space cadet. Drinking fountain down the hall.

Marcie retracts her yo-yo. Fern leaves, timidly.

MARCIE
(a la the De Palma film)
"*Creepy Carrie, Creepy Carrie!*"

The door SHUTS behind Fern. There's a moment of silence. Marcie looks at her reflection in the mirror.

MARCIE (cont'd)
Jesus Christ. I look like shit.

COURTNEY
Okay, girls. It's beauty time.

Led by Courtney, the girls go to the mirror, and in a ritualized fashion, they begin the beauty process. First, the purses open. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Then the pocket books UNZIP in unison. Compacts POP OPEN. Lipsticks TWIRL out of tubes. HAIRSPRAY fills the air.

The door SWINGS open. It's MISS SHERWOOD, the terminally happy, but very strange school administrative assistant.

MISS SHERWOOD
Hello girls. Having a smoke? A toke? Some dope? There's no loitering in the girl's room. Trouble *brews* in the girl's room.

They gather their products.

MISS SHERWOOD
Not so fast. Elizabeth is out today. Which one of you is going to pick up her class assignments for her? Miss Shayne?

COURTNEY
With pleasure, Miss Sherwood.

MISS SHERWOOD
No later than four. I've got a pet to groom.

They head for the door.

MISS SHERWOOD
(cont'd)
Be nice, girls.

CUT TO:

17 INT. HALLWAY 17

The girls exit the restroom and head down the hall.

MARCIE
(mocking)
Be nice, girls.

COURTNEY
Nice is not enough. If I was friends with every Pam, Beth and Sherri because they were nice, I'd have Noah's fucking Ark in my phone book.

The BELL RINGS. Marcie turns to go. Courtney grabs her.

COURTNEY (cont'd)
Remember. Everything's peachy keen. Peachy fucking keen.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ENGLISH CLASS 18

Julie sits in back of the class, by a window. The ENGLISH TEACHER lectures.

ENGLISH TEACHER
I know this is a bit out of our realm of comprehension. She says it herself. "What's done cannot be undone."

A GIRL raises her hand.

ENGLISH TEACHER
Yes, Jasmine.

JASMINE
What happens to her?

ENGLISH TEACHER
If you had done your reading, you'd know.

A HIPPIE GIRL raises her hand. The teacher notices Julie spacing out in the back of the class.

ENGLISH TEACHER
Julie, what happens to her?

A SKINHEAD blurts out the answer.

SKINHEAD
SUICIDE!

CUT TO:

19 INT. HISTORY CLASS 19

Courtney sits in the back by a window, staring out at her car. The HISTORY TEACHER is lecturing.

HISTORY TEACHER
In the Dark Ages, the knowledge of female anatomy was divulged through autopsy and execution.

DANE SANDERS, a studly football jock, stares at Courtney lustfully, sprawled out in his chair in tight jeans. He slowly peels the sticker off a banana...

HISTORY TEACHER
Women deemed criminal or demented were put to death both on and off their menstrual flow to penetrate the mysteries of womanhood.

(CONTINUED)

19

The sticker passes from hand to hand to hand. Courtney receives the tiny blue sticker. It reads, "*Ripe and ready to eat.*" She looks at Dane. He rubs his inner thigh suggestively. Courtney makes a "V" with her fingers, lashing her tongue obscenely.

20 INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASS 20

Marcie sits in the back by a window. She holds an egg over a bowl. The teacher demonstrates.

COOKING TEACHER
And then we crack the egg, ever so gently, but with ample force...

Simultaneously, every STUDENT in class CRACKS their egg. Some perfectly, Others, not. A CACOPHONY of CRACKING.

Marcie CRACKS hers. The yolk is blood red. She GASPS. The GOTHIC GIRL sitting next to her leans over.

GOTHIC CLASSMATE
Cool. You got a *stillborn*.

Marcie pierces Satan's yolk with her pencil. Veins of red STREAK down the sides of her bowl.

The bell RINGS.

21 INT. HALLWAY 21

STUDENTS pour out of class. Courtney moves swiftly down the hall. Turns the corner, when suddenly --

Dane violently pins her against the wall, smothering her with teenage libido. She pushes him away.

COURTNEY
Get the fuck off me!

Dane, thinking this is part of her game, grabs her ass. Courtney violently SLAPS him.

DANE
What the fuck?!

COURTNEY
You goddamn rapist!

DANE
I thought you liked it that way.

21

COURTNEY
Eat it.

Courtney storms off.

22 EXT. QUAD - DAY 22

Julie and Marcie walk through the BUSTLING quad.

MARCIE
You know what helps me deal when I'm at one of life's truly heinous crossroads? Squeezing every little pore on my face until my skin is like, speckled with blood...

As Marcie RAMBLES ON, Julie sees ZACH, a mysterious loner, reading a book across the Quad. Marcie's CHATTER DRAINS INTO SILENCE as Julie stares, trance-like. Zach suddenly looks up at her.

MARCIE
Jules!?

JULIE
What?

MARCIE
If you're gonna take a shameless fuck-me stance in public, do it in solo. You know I can't deal when I'm on a Prozak peak.

Marcie leaves. Julie hesitates, locking eyes with Zach. She then catches up with Marcie.

23 INT. MISS SHERWOOD'S OFFICE 23

The clock STRIKES three. Miss Sherwood sits at her desk, impatient, a pile of books stacked in front of her. She packs her bag and gets up to leave. Fern KNOCKS.

FERN
Miss Sherwood?

MISS SHERWOOD
Yes, Fern?

FERN
I just wanted to know if you were going to chaperone the Botany Club's annual garden party.

MISS SHERWOOD
Of course I am, I wouldn't miss it for the world. Fern, listen, do you know a senior by the name of Elizabeth Purr?

FERN
You mean, "*Meow?*"

MISS SHERWOOD
Excuse me?

FERN
(shyly)
Liz is the cat's meow.

MISS SHERWOOD
Oh. Oh well, yes. I'm sure she is. Well, the poor girl was sick at home with the flu today, and someone needs to take her these assignments. Miss Shayne was tardy as usual.

FERN
Oh...I'd b-be...It'd be an honor, Miss Sherwood.

Fern grabs the books and runs out.

MISS SHERWOOD
Don't you need the address, dear?

CUT TO:

24 INT. MUSTANG - DAY 24

Courtney drives. Marcie shotgun. Julie in back.

MARCIE
I think I can smell her through the back seat.

Courtney flicks the vanilla-flavored Christmas tree hanging from the rear-view mirror.

COURTNEY
These things fade so fast.

MARCIE
I say we put her back in bed.

JULIE
We can't just put her back in bed.

COURTNEY
Why not?

JULIE
Well, to start with, she's got a *jawbreaker* stuck in her throat.

MARCIE
We can get it out. I've got eyelash curlers.

COURTNEY
No. It's perfect. She was up late watching TV, sucking on a jawbeaker...

JULIE
You don't suck on a jawbreaker.

COURTNEY
Who are you to say what Liz does with a jawbreaker in the privacy of her own room?

MARCIE
Maybe she was *practicing*. You know what I mean?

Marcie makes a blow-job gesture.

COURTNEY
...And *swallowed*!

Marcie and Courtney LAUGH. Julie looks at her, disgusted.

JULIE
How do you explain the welts?

MARCIE
She fell out of bed.

JULIE
That would bruise, not welt. There's a difference.

COURTNEY
She's right about that.

MARCIE
So maybe she was sleepwalking.

JULIE
(sarcastic)
She walked into a wall?

MARCIE
It could happen.

JULIE
Marcie. They have crime experts whose sole purpose in life is to figure out that shit. They'll check everything.

COURTNEY
Wait a minute.

JULIE
What?

COURTNEY
Rape. They'll check to see if she was raped, right?

MARCIE
I don't get it.

COURTNEY
Maybe Liz had a little friend over last night. You know, Mummy and Daddy's last night away. Maybe he was from school. Maybe not. But definitely into kink.

MARCIE
Yeah.

COURTNEY
And I don't mean vanilla.

MARCIE
Yeah, that's right.

COURTNEY
He got a little rough. Went a little too far. You know, there's a fine line between pleasure and pain.

MARCIE
You would know.

COURTNEY
She screamed for help, but no one could hear her. Her screams were muffled by the huge candy ball. She tried to scream, but there was nothing. Only sugary sweet *death*.

24

MARCIE
Oh my God. That totally gave me the chills.

JULIE
You are sick, Courtney.

COURTNEY
You got a better idea?

JULIE
Nobody will believe that. There's no proof.

COURTNEY
They'll believe it because it's their worst nightmare. Elizabeth Purr. The very picture of teenage perfection. *Obliterated by perversion*.

Courtney glances at the dashboard clock. 3:16.

COURTNEY
Shit.

She SCREECHES to a stop.

JULIE
What are you doing?

COURTNEY
I was supposed to pick up Liz's homework.

MARCIE
What if Miss Sherwood took it?

COURTNEY
(deadpan)
We kill her.
(she breaks out LAUGHING)
Oh my God! Did you see your face?

She makes a U-turn.

25 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET 25

Fern walks down the hopscotch-chalked sidewalk, holding Liz's books to her chest. She nervously fixes her dress, like she is going on a first date.

FERN
Um, Liz?...Hi. My name's Fern Mayo. Like "Hold the Mayo?" I don't think you
(MORE)

25 CONTINUED: 25

FERN (cont'd)
know me...but I know you. I love your hair...I love the way it shines...

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MONDALE HIGH - FACULTY LOT 26

The Mustang TEARS into the faculty lot. Miss Sherwood is pulling out of her space in a faded Pinto.

Courtney pulls alongside her.

MISS SHERWOOD
Miss Shayne?! For goodness sake, you're driving like a banshee!

COURTNEY
Oh, I'm sorry Miss Sherwood. I forgot to pick up Liz's homework.

MISS SHERWOOD
That's right, Miss Shayne, you were tardy. Thankfully, Fern Mayo stopped by my office and she's on her way now.

MARCIE
You gave it to *Mayonnaise*!? Liz *hates* her.

MISS SHERWOOD
"Hate" is a very ugly word, Miss Fox. Fern is a dependable young woman. She may not be pretty like you, but she *gives* as well as receives. You all could learn a thing or two from the Fern Mayos of the world. Okay, girls. Have a nice evening.

Miss Sherwood drives away.

COURTNEY
Fuck. We have to get there before Mayo.

Courtney PEELS away.

27 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET 27

Fern picks a beautiful rose from a yard for Liz. She goes to sniff it. Suddenly, a HUGE MILLIPEDE COMES SQUIRMING OUT of it. EXTREME CLOSE UP of it's horrific, gaping mouth. Fern drops the flower and runs.

28 EXT. SUBURBAN BACK ALLEY - DUSK 28

Courtney pulls behind Liz's house. The alley is empty.

29 COURTNEY 29

POPS the trunk.

FLASH CUT:

30 THE PHOTO SPITS OUT OF THE CAMERA. 30

31 THE THREE GIRLS 31

WHEEZE away from the trunk, covering their faces.

32 EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - BACKYARD 32

Black-bottom pool. Waterfalls BURBLING into a rustic jacuzzi. The three girls struggle through the beautiful backyard. Courtney's in front, holding the body, wrapped in a blanket, under the arms. Julie's in the mid-section. Arms around the tiny waist. Marcie's in back. Arms barely containing the cheerleader's dense thighs.

33 INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - FOYER/STAIRWELL 33

The girls haul the body up the winding staircase. Marcie stumbles, dropping Liz's legs. Julie and Courtney struggle to hold on to her.

JULIE
Oh my God. I can't do this.

COURTNEY
Yes, you can. Come on.

Marcie lifts her legs and continues up the stairs.

34 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY 34

The girls continue down the hall. Liz's lifeless hand flops out and hits the wall, breaking a nail.

35 INT. BEDROOM 35

Just as it was.

Cheerleading uniform on the floor. Photos of Courtney, Marcie, Julie and Liz frame the vanity.

The girls heave the body onto the bed, falling back, exhausted. They look at each other, silent.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

MARCIE
That is no hundred and five pounds.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE 36

Fern walks up the path to the front door.

37 INT. BEDROOM 37

Courtney and Marcie are busy arranging Liz's death bed, wearing yellow housekeeping gloves. They try to arrange her stiff limbs. Julie stands at the vanity, looking at photographs.

COURTNEY
God. She's so *stiff*.

PHOTO of a younger Courtney and Liz pushing each other playfully.

MARCIE
No more aerobics for this girl!

PHOTO of Liz doing a hand-stand on a diving board.

MARCIE
Boxers on or off?

COURTNEY
Rip 'em.

PHOTO of the girl's grass-stained knees, lined side by side, legs dangling into a pool.

COURTNEY
Let's see, if I was choking, I would've clawed the sheets to smithereens.

MARCIE
Should we shred them?

COURTNEY
No. No time.

THE CLOCK on the vanity. TICKING quietly.

38 EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE 38

Fern is at the door. She wipes the sweat from her face. Fixes her hair.

39 INT. BEDROOM 39

COURTNEY
Come on, Marcie. Help me with her legs.

Then a shrill, frantic VOICE...

LIZ
What are you doing to me?!

Marcie GASPS, dropping her legs.

Courtney's HEART SKIPS A BEAT.

They look at Liz. Dead as a doornail.

Julie turns from the vanity. Her eyes well with tears.

JULIE
Oh my God.

LIZ
What are you doing to me?!

JULIE
I'm so sorry. It's one of those cards, you know, you open it and--

LIZ'S VOICE EMITS from a tiny speaker in the greeting card.

LIZ
What are you doing to me?!

MARCIE
OH MY GOD! *STOP IT!*

COURTNEY
I'm going to fucking kill you, Julie.

JULIE
It's like she's in here with us. Alive.

COURTNEY
Don't touch anything. Let's just get this done and get out of here.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE 40

Fern goes to ring the doorbell.

41 INT. BEDROOM 41

Courtney tries to adjust Liz's head.

For a split second, it appears that Liz's eyeballs actually shift to meet Marcie's. Marcie SCREAMS.

42 EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE 42

Fern HEARS MARCIE SCREAM.

43 INT. BEDROOM 43

COURTNEY
What the fuck?

MARCIE
She looked at me.

COURTNEY
Shut up.

MARCIE
I swear to God, she looked at me.

COURTNEY
Her eyes are open. She's bound to look *somewhere*. My God, Marcie, she's dead.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE 44

Fern creeps through the side walkway, dense with foliage. Peering through a window, she cautiously continues...

45 EXT. BACKYARD 45

She enters the backyard, amazed at it's splendor. She goes to the back door. It's open.

FERN
Liz?

She enters.

46 INT. FOYER 46

Fern tip toes through the darkened house. She puts Liz's books down on the kitchen table, takes a toll house cookie from a plate on the counter and continues.

46

FERN
Liz? Liz are you there?

CUT TO:

47 INT. BEDROOM 47

The girls have arranged Liz's body so she is hanging off the bed, legs spread, boxers torn. She looks like a demented wax figure the girls have arranged. Courtney and Marcie admire their handiwork.

COURTNEY
How's that?

MARCIE
Very natural.

COURTNEY
Jules?

Julie looks sick.

COURTNEY
Jules, I need your seal of approval here. Hello?

CUT TO:

48 FERN 48

Moves up the stairs...

FERN
(quietly)
....Liz?

She glides down

49 THE HALLWAY... 49

HEARS VOICES...

Fern reaches the closed door to Liz's bedroom. She steps on something.

The TINY CRACK ECHOES down the cavernous hall.

50 INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM 5

The girls freeze.

MARCIE
Did you hear that?

COURTNEY
You're paranoid.

CUT TO:

51 INT. HALLWAY 51

Fern bends to pick up a piece of Liz's fingernail.

MARCIE
(O.S.)
I heard something.

COURTNEY
(O.S.)
Will you relax? We killed someone. Paranoia's perfectly normal.

Fern turns bone white.

52 INT. BEDROOM 52

JULIE
I have to get out of here.

COURTNEY
What?

MARCIE
What's wrong?

JULIE
What's *wrong*?

COURTNEY
Relax.

MARCIE
You're freaking out, Jules.

JULIE
No. You don't understand. I'm not doing this. I want nothing to do with this.

MARCIE
It's a little late for that, don't you think?

COURTNEY
Julie, it's okay. There's nothing to be afraid of. Everything is okay.

JULIE
Courtney, please. I just want to go to the police. Tell them it was an accident. I mean, we didn't mean to kill her.

COURTNEY
Julie, the police will come when her parents find the body. They'll see that someone raped her.

JULIE
You can't just say she was raped because she's lying on the bed with her legs spread.

COURTNEY
I can't believe this. I'm looking out for us. I'm saving your ass, and you shit on me.

JULIE
Well, you killed her!

COURTNEY
Oh, that was convincing.

JULIE
What?

COURTNEY
Go ahead. Tell Marcie.

JULIE
Tell Marcie what?

COURTNEY
Tell Marcie what you told me.

Marcie looks at Julie, suddenly insecure.

MARCIE
What did you tell her?

JULIE
I didn't tell her <u>anything</u>!

Julie turns to leave. Courtney grabs her arm.

52

COURTNEY
Jules, it was a joke. Live a little.

JULIE
Fuck you.

53 JULIE OPENS THE DOOR 53

And Fern falls in.

JULIE
Fern?

FERN
I--

Fern struggles to stand. Courtney pulls her up. Marcie steps next to her, blocking Fern's view of the room.

COURTNEY
Hey, you're Fern, right?

Fern can only shake. Courtney puts on a mock friendliness.

COURTNEY
I'm Courtney Shayne. I don't think we've officially met, what with the cruel politics of high school and all.

Courtney firmly shakes her hand.

FERN
...Hi.

COURTNEY
May I introduce Marcie Fox.

MARCIE
"*Foxy*."

Marcie whips her yo-yo at Fern.

COURTNEY
Fern, I need you to be completely honest with us, and I know you will be, because you're an honest kinda gal.
(darker)
Aren't you.

Fern can only shake.

COURTNEY
Now. Just tell us. Did you hear anything? And let's not lie. I got this gift -- I can smell a lie.

JULIE
She didn't hear anything.

COURTNEY
Fern's a big girl, Julie. She can speak for herself. Can't you, Fern?

Fern can barely breathe.

JULIE
Fern, come on, I'll take you home.

FERN
H-Homework.

COURTNEY
What?

FERN
I...I...I was sent with Liz's homework.

MARCIE
Isn't that nice.

COURTNEY
And you heard us.

FERN
I...

COURTNEY
It's okay.

JULIE
Fern...

COURTNEY
Nobody's going to hurt you.

JULIE
Fern, don't.

FERN
I don't know...

JULIE
She doesn't know, Courtney.

COURTNEY
We're all girlfriends here, Fern. It's just between us.

JULIE
Fern?

FERN
I...I...I...

COURTNEY
SAY IT, FERN! Come on! Say what you heard!

FERN
I...I...I...

COURTNEY
COME ON, FERN! *COME ON!*

FERN
(like an orgasm)
I HEARD YOU SAY, "WE KILLED LIZ!!!"

Courtney flashes a shit-eating grin. Julie shakes her head in amazement.

COURTNEY
Fern, my dear, you're coming with us.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. HARMONY POINT - DUSK 54

Fern walks a couple of steps ahead of the girls down the steep dirt path leading to the incline under the bridge.

COURTNEY
It's just ahead.

A gathering of birds mill around at the base, silhouetted by the deep red dusk.

Suddenly -- Courtney runs SCREAMING toward Fern. Fern spins around, petrified.

Courtney hurtles toward her, then, at the last minute, passes her, PLUNGING into the flock of birds, who SHRIEK into the horizon.

Marcie LAUGHS like a demented kewpie doll, whipping her yo-yo menacingly.

Courtney jumps onto a concrete slab, as if on stage.

COURTNEY
This is where we come to think, Fern. Contemplate -- you know, when things get rough. I'm gonna come clean to you Fern 'cause once our bloated boo boo floats to the surface, it's gonna all make sense in that sweet little head of yours. And we wouldn't want you to do anything rash, now would we?

FERN
No.

COURTNEY
You knew Liz Purr, right?

FERN
I...I know *of* her.

COURTNEY
Knew of her. Past tense. She's dead, Fern. She died. But we got a bit of a problem because you *know we did it -- you heard us.* That gives you a little something, Fern, and it's called power. The power to tell. And that worries me, Fern, 'cause I have a hunch -- an itty bitty inkling, that you're the kinda girl that tells. A tattle tale.

MARCIE
A rat.

COURTNEY
I know you. I know *all* about you. You're the one in the corner at the dances -- the one the geeks won't dance with because they're at home fucking old pervs in cyberspace thinking they're doing some hot babe. There's nothing to hide, Fern. You're nothing, we're everything. You're the shadow, we're the sun. But I'm here to offer you something you never dared dream of. Something you were never meant to be, but *will* be because, Fern, my dear, today Fate decided that you were cool.

JULIE
(to herself)
I can't believe this.

COURTNEY
We're gonna make you one of us, Fern. Beautiful, popular, loved, feared -- all that you've ever dreamed of -- If and only if, you never, ever tell anyone what you heard. Think of it...

MARCIE
It's heaven on earth, Fern.

COURTNEY
And more. Immortality. Everlasting life for high school students.

JULIE
Come on, Fern. You're not interested in this, are you?

COURTNEY
Did I ask your opinion, Julie?

JULIE
I don't care if you asked it. You're gonna hear it. This is sick, Courtney. You can't hide the truth with a make-over. You can't buy someone by making them popular. People aren't that shallow.

COURTNEY
Wanna bet?

Courtney turns to Fern.

COURTNEY (cont'd)
Liz is gone, Fern. Take her place.

JULIE
Fern, come one. Let's get out of here.

Julie turns to leave. Fern is torn.

COURTNEY
You know you want it.

MARCIE
Think about Prom.

COURTNEY
Think about boys.

MARCIE
They'll be lining up for you.

54

COURTNEY & MARCIE
One after another...after another...after another...

COURTNEY
Think about it, Fern. You as me as *us*.

JULIE
This is fucked.

Julie leaves.

MARCIE
Julie?

COURTNEY
Julie? Julie who?

CUT TO:

55 EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - DAWN 55

A limousine PULLS UP. LIZ'S PARENTS get out, stepping over a weeks worth of newspapers that litter the driveway.

LIZ'S MOTHER
God forbid our daughter should lift a finger.

CUT TO:

56 INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - FOYER/STAIRWELL - DAWN 56

Liz's parents cross through the foyer toward the stairs.

LIZ'S MOTHER
Elizabeth?

LIZ'S FATHER
Honey, we're home!

CUT TO:

57 INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAWN 57

Liz's parents march down the hall toward Liz's closed door. Liz's mother covers her nose in disgust.

LIZ'S MOTHER
Oh, honey, what's that *smell*?

CUT TO:

58 INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - DAWN 58

Liz's mother opens the door. Her father GASPS.

LIZ'S FATHER
Oh, dear Lord.

Her mother GRAPPLES FOR WORDS, then passes out.

BLACK.

Then...

59 A FLURRY OF POLICE 59

STORM inside in SURREAL SLO-MO.

FLASHBULBS STROBE Liz's contorted body as WE MOVE CLOSER AND CLOSER to Liz's *GLAZED EYES*.

THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE SHOULD HAVE THE TECHNICOLOR LOOK, SOPHISTICATED FEEL, and GLOSSY STYLE OF AN OLD HOLLYWOOD MUSICAL.

60 INT. CHIC COSMETICS COUNTER - DAY (BEGIN SEQUENCE) 60

WE DISSOLVE from Liz's *glazed eyes* to Fern's *wide eyes*. She sits before a sea of mirrors. Courtney stands behind her flanked by two STATUESQUE WOMEN.

COURTNEY
Your face is your portrait.

WOMAN #1
It's you.

WOMAN #2
All they see.

WOMAN #1
Make it shine.

WOMAN #2
Not with oil.

WOMAN #1
But with drive.

COURTNEY
Watch the eyes come alive.

The women go to work on Fern's eyes.

61 INT. MORTUARY HALLWAY - DAY 61

Liz's corpse is rolled down the hall by two corpse-like MORTICIANS.

62 INT. COSMETIC'S COUNTER/MORTUARY PREPARATION ROOM 62

CLOSE-UPS of brushes, liners, mascaras, powders...

DETAILS OF FERN'S FACE as she transforms into a stunning beauty contrast DETAILS OF LIZ'S FACE as she transforms into a stunning corpse.

WOMAN #1
A dash of magenta.

WOMAN #2
Lashes bold, black and thick.

COURTNEY
X-Rated lip gloss will make those lips slick.

MORTICIAN #1
Cheekbones high.

MORTICIAN #2
Copper lines.

WOMAN #2
Lips full.

WOMAN #1
Plush.

MORTICIAN #1
And dark.

COURTNEY
A fine line that traces a deep crimson heart.

CUT TO:

63 INT. HIGH FASHION HAIR SALON - DAY 63

Fern stares straight up, her face a timeless vision. Her hair luxuriating in a porcelain sink of bubbles.

HAIRDRESSER #1
Hair frames the portrait.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

HAIRDRESSER #2
Some gilded.

HAIRDRESSER #1
Some gold.

COURTNEY
Color, the secret to not growing old.

CUT TO:

64 INT. MORTUARY PREPARATION ROOM 64

Bright yellow formaldehyde bubbles in a vat. It runs through a series of tubes that lead into Liz's neck.

MORTICIAN #1
Out with the blood.

MORTICIAN #2
In with the ooze.

MORTICIAN #1
Yellow's the color.

MORTICIAN #2
To cover a bruise.

CUT TO:

65 INT. HIGH FASHION HAIR SALON - DAY 65

A HAIRDRESSER snips Fern's hair into a frenzy.

HAIRDRESSER #1
We cut, layer and curl.

HAIRDRESSER #2
For a look that is you.

CUT TO:

66 INT MORTUARY PREPARATION ROOM 66

Liz's hair is molded and SPRAYED like a porcelain doll.

MORTICIAN #1
For the hair of a dead girl.

MORTICIAN #2
We use model glue.

CUT TO:

67 INT. HAIR SALON 67

Courtney and the Hairdressers strut through the salon, SPINNING the various GLAMORIZED CLIENTS until she arrives at Fern, SPINNING her around to reveal a platinum blonde masterpiece that recalls the glamorous days of Old Hollywood while retaining a Seventies Mod-style.

HAIRDRESSER #1
Women come.

HAIRDRESSER #2
Women go.

COURTNEY
Fashion faux-pas overflow.

HAIRDRESSER #1
But Fern, my dear.

HAIRDRESSER #2
Never fear.

COURTNEY
With Courtney close, you're glam's severe.

CUT TO:

68 INT. MORTUARY PREPARATION ROOM 68

Liz, looking like something out of the Hollywood Wax Museum, is placed into an ornate coffin.

MORTICIAN #1
Rest now, sweet miss.

MORTICIAN #2
'Till the day all shall see.

MORTICIAN #1
The beauty we molded.

MORTICIAN #1 & #2
From sheer misery.

The coffin is SLAMMED SHUT.

(END HOLLYWOOD MUSICAL SEQUENCE)

69 INT. MONDALE HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY 69

MORNING CHAOS abounds. Then...the hallway slowly but purposefully clears as elongating shadows cut an imposing, *new and improved* line across the hallway...

Courtney, Marcie *and Fern* have arrived.

70 EXT. MONDALE HIGH - LUNCH AREA - DAY 70

Courtney, Marcie and Fern walk through the lunch area. Fern looks like a totally different, totally stunning person.

COURTNEY
I still can't get over myself. Well, *yourself* actually. And to think that my second grade teacher said I had no artistic potential.

FERN
It's like a dream.

COURTNEY
I made you and you're God. That's all I know.

Courtney GASPS.

MARCIE
What? What is it?

COURTNEY
No, it's too luscious.

MARCIE
What? Tell me!

COURTNEY
I can't. Let me savor.

MARCIE
Tell me!

Marcie whips around and sees Julie, who sits with a group of tattooed and pierced GUYS and GIRLS clad in synthetic fabrics.

MARCIE
Oh my God! Julie's sitting with the body art rejects! Is she *tweaking*?

COURTNEY
I'm so over it.

(CONTINUED)

Julie approaches them.

MARCIE
Well, look what the cat dragged in.

JULIE
You look great, Fern.

FERN
Thanks.

JULIE
(to Courtney)
I thought you should know Liz's parents came home this morning.

COURTNEY
Yeah? So?

JULIE
So, I still think we should tell somebody.

COURTNEY
We had nothing to do with it. I made cock sure of that last night. So why don't you haul your ass back to the land of the losers. 'Cause as far as I'm concerned, you're the one that died.

Courtney walks away. Marcie follows, grabbing Fern along with her. Julie leaves.

Courtney, Marcie and Fern lay claim to a secluded table situated on a raised platform that has a prime view of the BUSTLING lunch area.

Fern reaches into her backpack and takes out a crumpled brown lunch bag with a huge grease stain on the side. Courtney nearly faints.

COURTNEY & MARCIE
Fern, *no*!

MARCIE
What are you doing?!

Courtney quickly pushes the bag under the table. She wafts her hand in the air.

71 UNDER THE TABLE 71

Courtney's high heeled footwear kicks the bag away.

COURTNEY
God! Tuna much?

FERN
But my Mom--

COURTNEY
We never, ever eat at lunch period, do you understand me?

FERN
But--

COURTNEY
And if for some damn good reason we did eat, we would never, ever eat out of a brown paper bag! I don't care if there's a four star fucking culinary masterpiece in there. Get rid of it!

FERN
Sorry.

COURTNEY
Fuck. If I get a zit because of this...

FERN
I'm sorry.

COURTNEY
It's okay. I mean, you're a virgin. God, I better never have kids, I have like zero patience. Fern, don't think we're anorexic or something -- We're not. That's reserved for the Karen Carpenter table.

She motions to a table of three ultra-skinny girls who sit staring at a single box of raisins.

COURTNEY
We're not stupid. We eat, and we eat good. We just don't eat in public -- well, at school at least. We don't want people judging us by what we eat. It gives them ammo and the only ones with ammo are us. I mean food's cool and all -- it tastes good and we need it to live -- But the mere act of eating invokes thoughts of digestion, flagellation, defecation...even, shall we say, complexion defection. I wouldn't be caught dead eating pizza in front of
(MORE)

COURTNEY (cont'd)
anyone, not even the ultra-special students, you know, the deaf, dumb *and* blind? Because, on some terrifying level, they're associating that oily, greasy pizza with your shiny face, a zit, a blackhead, even an oversized cluster of pores. It's just another vexing stress we don't need.

MARCIE
Life is hard enough without added anxiety.

FERN
So when *do* we eat?

MARCIE
During seventh period.

FERN
You eat at P.E.?

COURTNEY
We don't *do* P.E. You know Miss Bundt, the P.E. teacher? Let's just say I was privy to an all-girl "Nature Retreat." Needless to say, she did her share of bumping, and it wasn't in a go-cart.

MARCIE
To Miss Bundt, girls are like a bucket of KFC.

COURTNEY & MARCIE
Finger lickin' good!!!

They LAUGH.

FERN
I don't understand.

COURTNEY
So young, so much to learn.

Suddenly, two large male hands cover Courtney's eyes.

DANE
Guess who?

COURTNEY
If I don't know you on a personal level, personal meaning outside of school on at least two social occasions, consider yourself "Il Castrato."

Dane removes his hands. Courtney is furious -- but it's kept in check in a most remarkable fashion. Fern's a bundle of nerves. Dane plunks down across from them.

DANE
So? Are introductions in order or what?

COURTNEY
Dane, this is Vylette.

DANE
Mmm, pretty name. You a transfer?

COURTNEY
Dane, let's not perplex her. Her morning was trying at best, what with the trauma of changing schools and all. Mondale's a whole new battlefield and we were on the topic of...strategy.
(fuck me eyes)
But come by tonight. I don't know about you, but I could do with a little *kink*.

DANE
I have practice until seven.

COURTNEY
Come by after.

She grabs his crotch. Dane blushes, getting excited.

DANE
(to Fern)
Nice meeting you, uh...

COURTNEY
Vylette.

DANE
Yeah, that.

DANE
(to Marcie)
See ya, Foxy.

MARCIE
Sit on it, Dane.

He leaves.

MARCIE
Vylette?

COURTNEY
Impressive, huh. It's called thinking on your toes. It's a must if you're going to rule the school.

FERN
I like it.

COURTNEY
Well, I thought, "Fern." A fern's a plant, right? Well, I don't know about you, but I'd much rather be a flower. A rose is too obvious. Mundane. Never send a rose unless dyed black as a warning. And if one's sent to you, destroy it, along with the sender. Emotionally, of course. It's not like we kill people...on purpose. Anyway, you're "extra fancy." You're Vylette.
(beat)
My violet.

CUT TO:

72 INT. MONDALE HIGH - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 72

Courtney, Marcie and Fern walk to the parking lot.

COURTNEY
Fern, I'm proud of you.

MARCIE
You really shined today. You've got the look, the walk--

COURTNEY
But popularity can be fleeting. Trends change. People change. It's all about details.

MARCIE
If you don't pay attention to detail, you're doomed. Look at my nails. I went through junior high in nothing but pink. Now pink makes me puke. I change. Re-arrange. See? It's called "Roach." No, seriously, the color's called "Roach."

COURTNEY
Mine are "Mildew." It's all about decay. Like Julie. Our friendship with her is decayed. Rotten. Julie is over.

MARCIE
Done.

COURTNEY & MARCIE
Null and void.

COURTNEY
Watch. In two weeks, no one will know her name. Including you. From this moment on, you don't know her.

MARCIE
Never knew her.

COURTNEY
She's like Fern Mayo. *A bad dream.*

COURTNEY & MARCIE
Get it?

CUT TO:

73 EXT. MONDALE HIGH - MAIN ENTRANCE 73

Julie stands in line for the bus, out of place among the CARLESS ONES, but she doesn't seem to mind. Zach emerges from the main entrance. He sees Julie and approaches her.

ZACH
What's a girl like you taking the bus for?

CUT TO:

74 INT. ZACH'S '62 T-BIRD 74

They pull up to Julie's house. There is an awkward moment as the car comes to a stop.

JULIE
Well, thanks for the ride.

ZACH
No problem.

Julie gets out, then, impulsively leans through the open window--

JULIE
So do you want to call me sometime or--

ZACH
Sure.

JULIE
Great.

She digs a pen out of her backpack and scribbles her number on his palm.

JULIE
Bye.

She walks away. He watches her, then drives off.

75 INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 75

Julie sits alone in her room, going through old photographs of her with Liz, Courtney and Marcie when they were little girls. She comes across her Fourth grade class photo, and sees that she is standing next to Fern. She looks closer, noticing that she and Fern are holding hands. She gets on the phone.

JULIE
Mayo, please? It's a residence.

CUT TO:

76 INT. FERN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 76

Fern picks up the phone.

FERN
Hello?

JULIE
Fern? Hi, it's me, Julie.

FERN
Oh, hi.

JULIE
I know you're not supposed to talk to me, so--

FERN
It's okay.

JULIE
This must be so weird for you.

FERN
Yeah.

JULIE
I mean, knowing what happened to Liz and everything.

FERN
Yeah.

JULIE
I feel so guilty.

Silence.

JULIE
Fern? Do you remember Fourth grade?

FERN
Fourth grade?

JULIE
We used to have sleep-overs. Remember my *Holly Hobby* oven?
(beat)
Your parents wouldn't let you have one because they thought you'd electrocute yourself. We baked cakes together -- They were the worst. Remember that girl who brought her praying mantis eggs to school? She used to eat powdered *Tang* out of a ziplock bag -- She was such a *freak*.

They both LAUGH.

JULIE
It's so scary...Like now. I'm scared, Fern. I'm really scared.

FERN
Yeah.

JULIE
It's so weird the way *time* just kind of *erases* things...

FERN
Time doesn't erase things. People erase things.
(beat)
People erase people.

They are silent for a moment.

76

FERN'S MOM
(O.S.)
Fern! Dinner!

FERN
I've got to go.

CUT TO:

77 INT. COURTNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 77

Dane sits alone on Courtney's gauzy canopy bed in the center of her haremesque room. He pulls down the comforter and sniffs her satin sheets. Suddenly, the bedroom door opens. In comes Courtney, holding a large popsicle.

COURTNEY
You asked for something sweet.

DANE
What is it?

COURTNEY
It's called a "big stick"

DANE
A big stick?

COURTNEY
Uh-huh. You want it?

DANE
I want you.

COURTNEY
And I want you...to *suck* my big stick.

DANE
You're sick.

COURTNEY
I said I could do with a little *kink*. Now, suck it and see...or *get the fuck out*.

Dane half-smiles. He takes the big stick, and licks it sensuously.

COURTNEY
You like it?

DANE
It's okay.

(CONTINUED)

COURTNEY
Okay? Well, there's nothing kinky about "okay," now is there?

She forces his head down on the popsicle.

COURTNEY
Now, I said, "*Do you like it?*"

DANE
Yes. I like it. Mmm...

COURTNEY
Mmm. That's right. You're good at that.

DANE
I'm good at a lot of things.

COURTNEY
I should have known. You *are* on the wrestling team.

Courtney LAUGHS maliciously.

DANE
Fuck you.

Courtney attacks him, wrestling him down. Dane fights back, rolling on top of her. She suddenly grabs his crotch.

DANE
Hey!

COURTNEY
Now right about now, I could get really hot.

She releases her grip and rubs gently.

COURTNEY
And I mean *hot*.

DANE
Yeah...

COURTNEY
And you *know* what I like to do when I'm hot.

DANE
Yeah, baby...

COURTNEY
I want to, Dane. I want to real bad. The problem is, I've forgotten how.

DANE
What?!

COURTNEY
But if you could just *show* me...

Dane smiles lustfully.

DANE
How's this?

He licks the popsicle suggestively.

COURTNEY
Ooh, that's good.

Courtney watches as Dane's tongue teases the tip of the big stick. She goes down, out of FRAME.

Dane's face flushes.

COURTNEY (cont'd)
(O.S.)
Mmm. That's good. Yeah...

He continues to suck his popsicle as Courtney sucks him.

COURTNEY (cont'd)
Mmmm...

DANE
Mmmm...

He's about to reach new heights of pleasure -- when the doorbell RINGS. Courtney pulls away.

COURTNEY
I better get that.

Courtney gets up. Dane grabs her arm.

DANE
You never get the door.

Courtney frees herself.

DANE
Don't go.

77 CONTINUED: 77

Courtney smirks.

COURTNEY
Don't *come*.

CUT TO:

78 INT. COURTNEY'S HOUSE - DOORWAY 78

Courtney runs downstairs, fumbling with her top. She opens the door. Two UNIFORMED COPS stand there.

UNIFORMED COP #1
Are you Courtney Alice Shayne?

COURTNEY
Maybe.

CUT TO:

79 INT. MARCIE'S HOUSE - DINNER TABLE 79

Marcie and her FATHER sit eating no frills pasta.

FATHER
What did you say?

MARCIE
Are you gonna launch into another lecture on the ugliness of profanity?

FATHER
I just wish you could hear yourself talk. You sound uneducated.

MARCIE
Dad.

FATHER
And you know what? It reflects on your parents.

MARCIE
Parent.

FATHER
That's right. I've got to be the mom *and* the dad. I was watching Oprah today.

MARCIE
Oh. That must be the "mom" in you.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER
You know what the topic was?

MARCIE
Let me guess. *Club kids.*

FATHER
No. It was "*Is your child a follower?*"

MARCIE
I'm done.

FATHER
And you know what?

MARCIE
Can I go now?

FATHER
I was deeply concerned, because, yes, Oprah, my child *is* a follower.

MARCIE
You are so lame. You don't even have any friends!

FATHER
What happened to my sweet little brownie? My girl scout? Remember the *Tiffany* concert? You loved *Tiffany*.

The doorbell RINGS.

MARCIE
Thank *God*!

She gets up.

80 INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM 80

Julie sits at the dinner table with her MOM, DAD, and five year old sister, WENDY.

WENDY
God is good. God is great. Thank you for the food on our plate. Amen.

FAMILY
Amen.

They begin to eat.

DAD
So girls, how was school today?

WENDY
Good. I drew a picture of a girl, but she didn't have legs. She had a big tail instead. Like a dragon.

MOM
Oh, like a mermaid?

WENDY
No! A dragon!

DAD
How about you, Julie? Julie?

Julie stares down at her plate, moving her food around.

MOM
Are you okay, honey?

FLASH CUT:

81 POLAROID IMAGE OF LIZ SPITTING OUT OF THE CAMERA. 81

BACK TO SCENE:

JULIE
What?

MOM
Are you okay?

JULIE
...Can I be excused?

MOM
Sure, honey.

Julie gets up.

82 EXT. JULIE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT 82

Julie stands alone, staring into the beautifully lit pool. She walks to the edge, looking down at the water, lost in thought.

83 INT. JULIE'S POOL - FLASHBACK 83

We are at the bottom of the deep end, looking straight up through the aqua water to the obscured, reverberating IMAGE of Julie above water, framed by pitch black night.

83 CONTINUED: 83

SUDDENLY -- two bodies PLUNGE into the water, SHOOTING straight down towards us, through pristine trails of bubbles.

TEN YEAR OLD VERSIONS OF JULIE AND LIZ sink to the bottom of the deep end. Eyes closed. Lifeless.

Their eyes suddenly pop open. They proceed to have a "tea party," gesturing wildly, caught up in a childhood reverie.

When they can no longer hold their breath, they propel themselves up, SURFACING together.

LIZ
I wish I could stay down there forever.

JULIE
Yeah.

LIZ
I bet that's what heaven's like.

END FLASHBACK.

84 EXT. JULIE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT 84

Julie stands staring into the water. The back door FLIES OPEN, her mother running towards her, breathless.

JULIE'S MOM
There you are, Oh, Julie, Oh my God, Oh my God, honey, the police, it's Liz...it's *Liz*...

She hugs Julie and CRIES.

85 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 85

Courtney sits across from DETECTIVE CRUZ, a Caucasian Grace Jones.

CRUZ
Nice to meet you, Courtney. I'm Detective Cruz. But you can call me Vera.

COURTNEY
Okay, Vera.

CRUZ
So Elizabeth was your bud?

COURTNEY
We were friends.

(CONTINUED)

CRUZ
Hang out on weekends?

COURTNEY
Something like that.

CRUZ
Did it shock you?

COURTNEY
What?

CRUZ
Her death.

COURTNEY
Of course it shocked me. I'm still like...

CRUZ
Like what? Letting it sink in?

COURTNEY
Yeah.

CRUZ
Still getting used to the idea?

COURTNEY
I guess you could say that.

CRUZ
You were at school on the day of her death. Correct?

COURTNEY
Yes.

CRUZ
Try calling her?

COURTNEY
What?

CRUZ
Is it something you'd normally do?

COURTNEY
What do you mean?

CRUZ
Call a close friend if she's not at school, but should be?

85

COURTNEY
Depends.

CRUZ
On...

COURTNEY
It's the Almond Joy or Mounds thing. Sometimes you feel like a nut, sometimes you don't. I figured she slept in. If my parents were out of town, I would, too. I could've cut school and taken the day off with Liz. Almond Joy's got nuts. Mounds don't.

86 MARCIE IS IN THE HOT SEAT. 86

CRUZ
Now, Marcie. A man was seen on the block at approximately five-thirty a.m. Manuela Martinez saw him. Do you know Ms. Martinez?

MARCIE
Not personally.

CRUZ
But you know who she is.

MARCIE
She's the neighbor's maid.

CRUZ
Do you know of any men that would be on that street at that time?

MARCIE
No.

CRUZ
No men?

MARCIE
No!

CRUZ
Did you call in sick for Liz?

MARCIE
Did I what?!

CUT TO:

87 JULIE IS IN THE HOT SEAT. 87

CRUZ
Did you call in sick for Liz?

JULIE
Of course not,

Cruz takes a jawbreaker out of a brown paper bag.

CRUZ
Ever seen one of these?

Cruz licks the jawbreaker.

CRUZ (cont'd)
Sweet. It would take a lot of licks to get this thing down.
(beat)
You wanna give it a whirl?

JULIE
No thanks.

Cruz tries to bite it.

CRUZ
It's hard.

Cruz knocks it against the table.

CRUZ (cont'd)
Like a *rock*.

Julie stares at the jawbreaker. Becomes hypnotized by it. Loses her sense of self. Of space.

88 THROUGH JULIE'S DELIRIOUS POV: 88

WE MOVE OVER THE SURFACE of the jawbreaker in EXTREME CLOSE UP, like a satellite skimming the surface of a planet. Brightly colored hills and valleys. Jagged edges. A foreign, terrifying landscape.

89 RETRO-STYLIZED FIFTIES FOOTAGE: 89

CHILDREN sucking on jawbreakers. Fumbling. Cavorting. Teasing. Aggravating...

Cruz's VOICE ECHOES in the caverns of Julie's delusion.

89

CRUZ
Jawbreaker. The name says it all. It breaks your jaw. They have to drill a big hole where your gums are and wire your mouth shut. You can't move it. You can't eat. You can't even speak.
(beat)
It's a pretty fucked up name for a candy.
(to Julie)
Don't you think?

90 WE MOVE INTO THE MOUTH OF A CHILD... 90

Into darkness....

And out of the mouth of...

91 COURTNEY ALICE SHAYNE 91

Who is back in the hot seat.

CRUZ
Were there any men in Liz's life, Miss Shayne?

COURTNEY
I'm not sure.

CRUZ
Not sure? Or not talking?

COURTNEY
I don't know if I should tell you about this.

CRUZ
Well, that's what we're here for.

COURTNEY
You don't understand. Liz was a private person.

CRUZ
She's dead now. So I don't think she'd mind.

COURTNEY
God. I don't know how to say this.
(beat)
Liz had an appetite.

CRUZ
For candy?

COURTNEY
No. For men. I mean, no one knew. Not even Marcie or Julie. I don't know where she found them. I didn't ask. It was her thing, and I respected that.

CRUZ
What was her thing?

COURTNEY
Men.

CRUZ
Men?

COURTNEY
She had this *thing* for men. She wasn't into the boys at school. It wasn't about *boys*. She wanted the real thing. Real live strange men.

CUT TO:

92 INT. AUTO BAR - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK) 92

Liz's POV, entering the dingy bar. The SIZZLING of DAMAGED NEON mixes with old CHEAP TRICK. The CHEAP-JACKS stare, salivating. A POCK-MARKED MAN in a cheap suit cuts to the chase.

POCK-MARKED MAN
What's a pretty young thing like you doing in a place like this?

The man moves his hand up her thigh.

93 INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL - (FLASHBACK) 93

Liz's POV, climbing the stairs, GIGGLING at the pock-marked man, who follows behind, fondling her ass as he UNFASTENS his belt.

COURTNEY
(V.O.)
She'd bring them home when her parents were out of town, which was like six months out of the year.

CUT TO:

94 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 94

COURTNEY
She'd have her way with them, and they'd be gone by dawn. In and out. Never to be heard from again. That's the way she liked it. It wasn't like high school where you sleep with a guy and the entire school knows the trim of your bikini wax the next day.

CRUZ
You have no idea where she found these men?

COURTNEY
Like I said, I didn't ask.

CUT TO:

95 INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK) 95

Liz's POV facing the wall. WE TURN BACK to see the pock-marked man taking her from behind, flabby hips thrusting, crooked mouth GRUNTING. He GRABS the bed posts IN ECSTACY.

WE NOW LOOK AT LIZ from the man's POV. She is facing the wall. We cannot see her face.

LIZ
Do it, Daddy!

She turns to look back at the man.

IT IS COURTNEY, *NOT* LIZ.

COURTNEY
Do it to your bad girl!

WE MOVE DOWN PAST COURTNEY, UNDER THE BED. LIZ'S BODY IS OUTLINED IN PALE MOONLIGHT.

96 EXT. MONDALE HIGH - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 96

A LATE STUDENT runs up the stairs as Miss Sherwood's OMNISCIENT, AMPLIFIED VOICE BOOMS THROUGH THE INTERCOM.

MISS SHERWOOD
(V.O.)
Good morning, Mondale High.

CUT TO:

97 INT. MONDALE HIGH - CLASSROOM 97

The homeroom ACHES with early morning unrest.

MISS SHERWOOD
(V.O.)
It is with deep dismay and sincere regret that I inform you that...

CUT TO:

98 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM 98

A couple of CHEERLEADERS vamp at the mirror. Julie enters, trying to escape the inevitable announcement.

MISS SHERWOOD
(V.O.)
...Elizabeth Purr, a well-known senior at Mondale High School, was found dead in her home...

CHEERLEADER #1
Oh my God. Liz.

CHEERLEADER #2
No!

CHEERLEADER #1
Not Liz!

CHEERLEADER #2
Oh my God!

MISS SHERWOOD
(V.O.)
...apparently suffering from acute asphyxiation.

The cheerleaders WAIL, hugging each other. One of them knocks a bottle of nail polish off the sink, which EXPLODES on the white tile floor, splattering Julie's white sandals. Julie frantically turns to leave, SKIDDING in the blood red puddle.

99 INT. MONDALE HIGH - HALLWAY 99

The hallway, usually bustling with activity, is frozen. EVERYONE is still and silent. Julie exits the restroom, making her way through the throngs of frozen bodies.

MISS SHERWOOD
(V.O.)
There will be a memorial service held for Elizabeth, tomorrow at two o'clock at Cloverdale Lawn Rest Home.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. MONDALE HIGH - GYMNASIUM 100

Julie wipes away her tears as she runs into the gym and hides under the bleachers. She sobs.

MISS SHERWOOD
(V.O.)
Those of you who wish to attend will be excused from your sixth period class. Mr. Murk will be available for those of you suffering from distress.

CUT TO:

101 INT. MISS SHERWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY 101

Detective Cruz questions Miss Sherwood.

MISS SHERWOOD
It's tragic. Tragic. A beautiful, charismatic girl like Liz Purr struck down by the hand of Fate.

CRUZ
Now you say her mother called in sick for her?

MISS SHERWOOD
Sick. Yes. She had the flu.

CRUZ
Her parents were in Alaska, Miss Sherwood.

MISS SHERWOOD
Really? Then it could have been anyone calling. Some sex crazed maniac. My God, if I had anything to do with this poor girl's demise, I'll... I'll... Wait. I, I sent her assignments home with Miss Shayne.

CRUZ
Courtney Shayne?

MISS SHERWOOD
Oh, no...No, no. Miss Shayne was tardy. It was Fern Mayo who took Elizabeth's assignments home to her.

CRUZ
So Miss Shayne was *supposed to have* delivered the books, but it was actually Miss Mayo who followed through.

MISS SHERWOOD
Yes!

MISS SHERWOOD
Oh, but you don't think Miss Mayo -- No. Fern's as sweet as the days are long.

CRUZ
It's a crazy world, Miss Sherwood. Some of the sweetest candies are sour as death inside.

WE MOVE OUT the window to see...

102 COURTNEY'S MUSTANG 102

TEAR into her parking place. PERKY NEW WAVE MUSIC BLARING.

103 INT. MUSTANG 103

Courtney applies her lipstick. She catches Fern's eyes in the mirror.

COURTNEY
Now about boys. You need one.

CUT TO:

104 INT. HALLWAY 104

Courtney, Marcie and Fern stride down the hall, oblivious of the gloom that surrounds them.

MARCIE
Only one?

COURTNEY
One's enough to start with. Let's not baffle the girl.

MARCIE
So what turns you on?

Just then, the door to Miss Sherwood's office opens. Cruz emerges. Her eyes lock with Courtney's. Everything SLOWS DOWN for a moment, even Courtney's VOICE when she says:

COURTNEY
Marcie...likes...a...nice...round...ass...Don't...you...Marcie...

Courtney flashes Cruz a blinding smile. The scene returns to NORMAL SPEED.

COURTNEY
Hello, Vera.

CRUZ
Good morning, Miss Shayne.

Courtney, Marcie and Fern continue down the hall.

COURTNEY
I like chiseled cheekbones. You know, a boy with a little *Bowie* going on.

MARCIE
What do you like?

FERN
I--

COURTNEY
Spare us the details and meet your teen dream.

Marcie motions to a wall of posters for the school play featuring Zach in a pin-up style photograph.

COURTNEY
Vylette, meet Zach Tartak.

FERN
That's him?

COURTNEY
Why? What's wrong? You don't think he's cute?

MARCIE
Most girls go crazy for him.

COURTNEY
He's in drama, so we can't guarantee hetero status.

MARCIE
But that doesn't matter. He's beyond fine.

COURTNEY
i.e.: ultra-pretty.

MARCIE
Pretty unapproachable, that is. Always in rehearsal.

COURTNEY
And when he's not rehearsing, he's hanging with the drama crowd.

COURTNEY & MARCIE
Scary.

COURTNEY
So there's only one sure way to meet him.

Courtney hands Fern the dangling pen and motions to the sign-up sheet for auditions.

COURTNEY
Star in the school play.

FERN
What?

COURTNEY
Relax, Fern. It's high school, not Merchant Ivory.

Courtney grabs the pen out of her hand and signs the name, "*Vylette.*" The bell RINGS. Julie enters the hallway.

MARCIE
Well, look what the cat dragged in.

JULIE
Hi, Fern.

Courtney and Marcie glare at Fern. Fern looks away.

COURTNEY
I don't know a "Fern."

MARCIE
There *is* no "Fern." It's Vylette.

JULIE
What?

104 CONTINUED: 104

COURTNEY
Her name's Vylette. Learn it.

MARCIE
Live it.

COURTNEY
Love it.

Courtney and Marcie turn and walk away.

Fern looks at Julie, torn. Julie looks back -- She knows what is about to happen. Fern turns to catch up with Courtney and Marcie.

Just then, two of the ultra-skinny Karen Carpenter groupies approach Julie.

SUPERSTAR #1
We're sorry about Liz.

SUPERSTAR #2
She was so pretty.

SUPERSTAR #1 & #2
Do you want a raisin?

Julie is baffled.

105 INT. MONDALE HIGH - THEATER 105

Zach sits on the edge of the stage, alone in the darkened theater. Julie enters. A slice of daylight illuminates Zach.

JULIE
Sorry I'm late.

ZACH
It's okay.

JULIE
This hasn't been my day, you know?

ZACH
I know.
(beat)
I understand if you want to be alone tonight. I don't know what I would do.
(beat)
Do you want to get out of here?

CUT TO:

106 EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT 106

Julie and Zach sit on the roof of an ancient concession stand, lit only by the moon. Tattered crepe paper from some long ago celebration hangs ragged and fading against a peeling movie screen.

JULIE
Liz was the only one who really meant anything to me. I mean, with Courtney and Marcie, it was all games. It was total bullshit.

ZACH
Imagine what it looked like from the outside. Four beautiful girls. Always together. Always perfect looking.

JULIE
God.

ZACH
I couldn't imagine being part of that souped-up Barbie Dream Clique.

JULIE
It was a total sideshow. I was the invisible woman.

ZACH
(beat)
Do you ever get the feeling that this is one of those things that shouldn't be happening?

JULIE
What do you mean?

ZACH
I mean, I never would have thought to approach you. I've seen you. I've seen you see me. But I wouldn't go there. No way.

JULIE
Why not?

ZACH
I liked you...

JULIE
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

ZACH
I don't know. It just didn't seem like you gave the time of day to anybody.
(beat)
But when I saw you waiting for the bus, it was like I knew. You were alone. You weren't them anymore.

JULIE
This is so weird.

ZACH
Sorry.

JULIE
You make me want to cry.

ZACH
Don't cry.

Zach takes her hand. Julie moves toward him. They kiss passionately.

107 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 107

Vera Cruz sits facing Fern.

CRUZ
Miss Sherwood tells me you were kind enough to take Liz's assignments home to her.

FERN
Yes.

CRUZ
Can you tell me about it?

FERN
Sure. Liz and I never officially met. Well, we *kind* of met...

108 WE FLASH THROUGH: 1[illegible]

A series of HIGH SCHOOL MUGS at LIGHTNING SPEED, culminating with a portrait of Fern Mayo -- the real Fern Mayo, in all her geeky pubescent splendor.

109 INT. MONDALE HIGH - HALLWAY - (FLASHBACK) 1[illegible]

Fern (The old Fern) is rushing down the hallway with a stack of books and papers.

FERN
(V.O.)
I had a term paper due. I was late for class...

Fern races, barely containing her books.

Behind her, elongating shadows form an imposing, tell-tale line -- Courtney, Marcie, Julie and Liz.

Papers slips from Fern's hands. The girls do not stop. They walk right over the papers. Except for Liz. Liz stops and helps Fern gather the papers.

Their eyes meet. Liz smiles smugly. Fern is transfixed.

FERN (cont'd)
(V.O.)
It was the nicest thing anyone had ever done for me.

CUT TO:

110 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 110

COURTNEY
So you became friends?

FERN
We had a class together.

CUT TO:

111 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - (FLASHBACK) 111

A TEACHER writes an equation on the board.

FERN
(V.O.)
Algebra. I sat right behind her.

FERN'S POV: Sitting behind Liz, staring at her lustrous mane of hair.

FERN (cont'd)
(V.O.)
She's got that shiny hair, you know? It smelled like apples....

The lyrics to the *Depeche Mode* song, "*Question of Lust*" are carved into the back of Liz's desk.

(CONTINUED)

FERN (cont'd)
(V.O.)
I'd sit there, staring at her from behind. She has this cluster of beauty marks on the back of her neck. And I know this sounds weird, but they were in the most fascinating pattern. It was like a puzzle waiting to be solved. A rubix cube. An uncharted constellation.

CUT TO:

112 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 112

FERN
So that's what I did. I sat there, staring at the back of her neck, connecting the dots.

CUT TO:

113 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - (FLASHBACK) 113

A series of ANIMATED LINES connect the BEAUTY MARKS in the following IMAGES:

FERN
(V.O.)
I've found salmon swimming upstream on the back of that neck. A spider's web. Sea Monkeys, even.

CUT TO:

114 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 114

FERN
(still in her reverie)
And then the bell would ring. She'd be the first one out. And I'd just sit there. With salmon and sea monkeys dancing in my head.

CRUZ
Interesting. Very interesting.
(beat)
So Liz was your hero, it seems. It must be hard to lose such a good friend.

FERN
This is high school. What *is* a friend, anyway?

CRUZ
It's someone who tells the truth no matter what. A true friend never lies.

Fern looks out the window, past Cruz. The school flag is lowered to half-mast.

FERN
I wasn't Liz's friend. I was just some geek who delivered homework to her house once, and nobody was home so I left it at the door. Can I go now?

CRUZ
Sure, Miss Mayo. You have a nice day.

Cruz watches her leave.

115 EXT. MONDALE HIGH - FRONT ENTRANCE 115

WE MOVE down the flag pole to Fern, who exits the main building. Out of the blue, a group of CHEERLEADERS stop her.

BRENDA
You're Vylette, right?

FERN
Yeah.

BRENDA
Hi, I'm Brenda. Chad's girlfriend. You know, *Varsity* Chad? I don't think we've met. I love your hair. Do you want to have lunch with us?

FERN
Sure.

CUT TO:

116 UP IN THE WINDOW 116

Cruz watches the exchange.

117 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 117

Fern walks down the hall with Brenda. A couple of WANNABES come running up to Fern.

WANNABE #1
Um, hi. We heard you were the last person to see Liz Purr alive.

117

WANNABE #1 & #2
That is *so* cool.

The Wannabe's run down the hallway, GIGGLING.

118 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM 118

The bathroom is crowded with MAKE-UP MONGERS. A DORKY GIRL runs inside, desperate to use the restroom. She is about to enter the only free stall when WANNABE #2 blocks her way.

WANNABE #2
I'm sorry, that stall's reserved.

DORKY GIRL
What?

WANNABE #1
Haven't you met Vylette?

WANNABE #2
She's new.

WANNABE #1 & #2
Everybody's talking.

CUT TO:

119 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 119

The bell RINGS. STUDENTS take their seats. Julie takes a free seat next to a Brenda.

JULIE
Hi, Brenda.

BRENDA
Um, that seat's saved.

JULIE
I always sit here.

Fern enters the class and sits in Julie's seat.

BRENDA
Do you?

Julie looks at Fern in disbelief.

120 INT. AUTO SHOP - DAY 120

Vylette french kisses an AUTO SHOP STUD.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: 120

STUD
Your ass is too precious for vinyl.

He hands her a ring of car keys.

121 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 121

Julie emerges from a yellow school bus with the OUTCASTS. She is nearly hit by Courtney's Mustang as Courtney TEARS into her parking space.

Courtney notices Vylette's name stenciled in the empty space next to hers.

COURTNEY
What's wrong with this picture?

PUMPING MUSIC.

A CANDY APPLE RED '72 STINGRAY ROARS into Vylette's space. The window lowers.

FERN
Hi, girls.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. ROSE GARDEN - DAY 122

Fern is watering a pristine rose garden under a beautiful blue sky. Suddenly -- THUNDER CRASHES, the sky turns dark and rain begins to fall. Fern looks at her hands and realizes that they are splattered with black liquid. It dawns on her that black rain is falling. Fern spins around to realize that she is in...

123 A GRAVEYARD 123

Standing before Liz's grave.

JET BLACK ROSES BLOSSOM BEFORE OUR EYES IN TIME LAPSE MOTION.

Fern's feet begin to sink into the rotten earth. She SCREAMS, grappling for Liz's headstone as the soil engulfs her...

124 INT. FERN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 124

Fern wakes up, GASPING FOR BREATH, covered in sweat.

125 INT. MONDALE HIGH - BACKSTAGE - DAY 125

Zach sits with the DRAMA CROWD backstage.

(CONTINUED)

ZACH
So who is she anyway?

DRAMA #1
I don't know.

DRAMA #2
No one does.

ZACH
Does she have a last name?

DRAMA #3
She's doing the Madonna thing.

DRAMA #2
I heard she toured with Madonna.

DRAMA #4
Supposedly she's a model.

DRAMA #1
She's Courtney's new gal pal.

DRAMA #3
I heard she's bi.

DRAMA #2
I heard she's a boy.

Fern enters the backstage entrance. The crowd falls silent. She approaches Zach.

FERN
Zach?

ZACH
Hi.

FERN
I'm Vylette.

ZACH
Yeah, I know.

FERN
It's an honor to work with someone with your kind of experience.

ZACH
Thanks.

FERN
I really loved you in *Grease*.

ZACH
You did?

FERN
I saw it twice.

ZACH
Really?

FERN
It beats football.

ZACH
I'm glad someone thinks so.

FERN
Not that I have anything against football. I mean, I *am* head cheerleader.

ZACH
Head cheerleader *and* star of the school play? That's a first.

FERN
Is it?

ZACH
Sports and Drama are like plaids and stripes. They don't mix.

Fern moves closer to him.

FERN
Well. The rules have changed.

The drama crowd hangs on every word.

FERN (cont'd)
Nice to meet you, Zach. See you in rehearsal.

ZACH
Yeah, whatever.

Everybody watches her leave.

126 EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 126

Julie hurries down the front steps. The last of the STUDENTS are filing into the school bus. Julie begins to sprint. The double doors WHIP SHUT. Julie runs, waving her arms.

JULIE
Wait! Wait for me!

It's too late. The BUS DRIVER shrugs from inside. One of the GEEKS presses his pimply, brace-face against the window as the bus pulls away.

JULIE
Shit.

Julie stands alone in the middle of the barren parking lot. Then -- The ROAR of a T-Bird. It's Zach, pulling right up to her.

ZACH
I think this is more your style.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. DERELICT PLAYGROUND - NIGHT 127

Julie and Zach sit in the cone of a life-size metallic rocket ship. Leaves blow through the rusted, broken-down swings and slides and jungle gyms below.

JULIE
This place is so cool.

ZACH
It's the ghost playground.

JULIE
I didn't even know it was here.

ZACH
During the day it doesn't look like much. But the ghosts come out at night.

JULIE
It's nice to have someone to disappear with.

Zach kisses her.

ZACH
Hey, do you know a girl named Vylette?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE
Yeah...

ZACH
She was cast in the play.

JULIE
Really?

ZACH
It's like she came out of nowhere.

JULIE
Yeah.

ZACH
Who is she?

JULIE
You know Fern?

ZACH
Fern? Fern Mayo?

JULIE
Bingo.

ZACH
What?

JULIE
Fern is Vylette.

ZACH
Wait. That doesn't make sense.

JULIE
Courtney and Marcie gave her a make-over.

ZACH
Why? Why would Courtney and Marcie give the time of day to Fern Mayo?

Julie grows silent.

JULIE
You don't want to know.

ZACH
I do.

JULIE
Trust me. You don't.

ZACH
I do. Tell me.

JULIE
I want to. It's just--

ZACH
What?

JULIE
It's just that no one knows.

ZACH
I won't tell anyone. I promise.

JULIE
It's horrible.

ZACH
It is?

JULIE
It's worse than anything you could imagine.

ZACH
Tell me!

JULIE
Liz is part of it.

ZACH
Liz? Julie, what is it?

JULIE
I want to tell you. I know I can trust you.

ZACH
You can.

JULIE
It's just...

ZACH
What?!

JULIE
I don't want you to hate me.

Zach cups her face in his hand.

ZACH
There's nothing you could say to make me hate you.

Julie pauses.

JULIE
You know how girls sometimes kidnap their friends on their birthdays?

ZACH
Yeah...

JULIE
Well, Courtney, Marcie and I had decided to kidnap Liz....

Julie's VOICE FADES OUT...

DISSOLVE TO:

128 JULIE'S VOICE FADES IN... 128

ZACH
You went to school with Liz's body in the trunk?!

JULIE
It was totally disgusting. Courtney put her back in bed and made it look like a rape -- Well, kind of. Anyway, that's when Fern showed up with Liz's homework, and Courtney promised to make her beautiful in exchange for her silence.

ZACH
Incredible. Only in high school.
(beat)
So what are you going to do now?

JULIE
I don't know.

ZACH
Well, you can't just wash your hands of it.

JULIE
I know.

ZACH
You have to tell someone.

Julie doesn't respond.

ZACH (cont'd)
You're scared.
(beat)
It's okay to be scared.

JULIE
It's not okay.

Julie breaks down and starts to CRY. Zach holds her.

ZACH
Shhh...

JULIE
I'm so sorry...

ZACH
Let me take you home.

CUT TO:

129 INT. MONDALE HIGH - QUAD - DAY 129

Courtney and Marcie stroll through the quad.

COURTNEY
I'm taking Dane to the Prom.

MARCIE
Surprise.

COURTNEY
Aren't we cocky? Too bad you don't have the "cock" part down.

MARCIE
At least I'm not "jocking" it.

COURTNEY
Dane may be a jock, but let's face it, he was born to be Prom King. What he does after Prom is his problem. He could get married, coach Little League -- I could give a shit. He's a yearbook photo. A letterman's jacket. A piece of nostalgia that probably won't even stand the test of time. But he can be King for a day, and I can be his Queen.
(beat)
Hey, where's the Cherrybomb?

MARCIE
Rehearsal.

COURTNEY
Good Julie can kiss her man goodbye.

MARCIE
Courtney, Vylette's totally out of control. The car, the parking place --

COURTNEY
It's a phase. It's like when people get money for the first time. They're called *nouveau riche*. They flaunt it, drape themselves in jewels -- They don't know any better. Vylette's the same. For the first time in her pathetic life, people are giving her the time of day.
(beat)
And the whore is milking it for all it's worth.

Suddenly -- LOUD MUSIC BLARES...

COURTNEY
What the --

CUT TO:

130 EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY 130

Courtney and Marcie storm down the main stairway toward the source of the MUSIC. They suddenly stop in their tracks, stunned at what they see:

Fern sits perched upon her 'vette like *Angeline*, the Los Angeles billboard queen. She sports shades, hot pants, and a pink baby-T that says, "BITCH." An entourage of JOCKS and VAMPISH GIRLS surround her in various self-indulgent poses. Fern is an icon on a steel altar.

Courtney marches toward the writhing shrine. She grabs Fern's wrist--

FERN
What the fuck!?

Courtney pulls her off the car, and drags her up the main stairs. Marcie follows.

131 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM 131

Courtney rages into the bathroom, throwing Fern into the wall. A MAKE-UP MONGER SCREAMS.

COURTNEY
Get out, bitch!

She flees. Marcie enters, BREATHLESS. Courtney hovers over Fern.

COURTNEY
What *the fuck* are you doing?

FERN
Exactly what you taught me.

COURTNEY
To disrespect us?

FERN
You taught me to *rule*.

COURTNEY
That's right. Rule. But remember wno made you.

FERN
I'm sorry. It's just that sometimes I'm at the mercy of the crowd. I can't help it, Courtney. They love to hate me.

COURTNEY
Don't fool yourself. Deep down, they *know* who you are.
(beat)
Fern.

FERN
I'm *Vylette*.

COURTNEY
You're whatever the fuck I want you to be.

FERN
Oh, Courtney. Pretty, little Courtney. Let's stop pretending, shall we? You once spoke of ammo. Ammunition, if I'm correct. And I didn't know why, but it really struck me. Well, in the past couple of weeks, it's all come clear.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FERN (cont'd)
And on a clear day, baby, you can see tomorrow.

COURTNEY
Excuse me?

FERN
I may be petite, but I've got the power. Her name's "Sweet Liz," remember? You're bloated *boo-boo*?

COURTNEY
I'll shred you, whore.

FERN
And I'll tell a secret.

COURTNEY
Do tell, dear, but don't be surprised when they laugh in your face.
(beat)
Cruz has a suspect in custody and it ain't me.

FERN
I know the truth. I know what really happened, Courtney.

COURTNEY
I made you. And I can break you just as easily.

FERN
Good idea. Kill me like you did Liz.

Fern leaves. Courtney is seething. About to break. Marcie looks on fearfully.

MARCIE
Courtney?

Courtney wipes the lipstick off her lips, and smears it over Marcie's face.

132 INT. ZACH'S T-BIRD - DAY 132

Zach drives. Julie rides shotgun.

ZACH
You're doing the right thing.

JULIE
I know. I know. Everything's gonna be okay, right?

ZACH
Right.

JULIE
Right. It's just...

ZACH
What?

JULIE
I mean...I'm guilty, too.

ZACH
That's why we need evidence.

JULIE
There's nothing. Courtney destroyed everything. It's all gone.

ZACH
What about the Polaroid?

JULIE
Courtney has it.

ZACH
Did she take the picture?

JULIE
I don't know.

ZACH
You don't remember?

JULIE
We popped the trunk. It was chaos...

FLASH CUT:

133 EXT. DENNY'S - MORNING - FLASHBACK 133

Marcie POPS the trunk. The camera FLASHES. SPITS OUT the photo.

THE POLAROID IMAGE OF LIZ MATERIALIZES in ACCELERATED MOTION.

Courtney's hands go limp. The camera falls. PULVERIZED by the asphalt. The photo falls after it.

BACK TO SCENE:

134 INT. ZACH'S T-BIRD 134

JULIE (cont'd)
She dropped it. She dropped the camera.

CUT TO:

135 EXT. DENNY'S - DAY 135

The T-Bird pulls into the parking lot. They get out. Julie walks to the site where they popped the trunk.

JULIE
It was right about here.

They look around. There's nothing. Just a smattering of cars and the usual parking lot debris.

JULIE (cont'd)
It's gone.

ZACH
Is there anything else?

JULIE
No.
(beat)
But there is someone else.

WE FOLLOW THEM at ground level as they head back to the car. We DIVERGE FROM THEIR PATH, to a far corner of the parking lot, entering into the depths of a murky storm drain, PENETRATING walls of decay, to discover the grimy Polaroid of Liz. Her dead eyes beckon us through the filth.

DISSOLVE TO:

136 EXT. MONDALE HIGH -- LUNCH AREA - DAY 136

EXTREME CLOSE UP of a black and white image of Fern -- A yearbook photo of Fern when she was still Fern Mayo, in all her geeky prepubescent glory. WE PULL OUT to reveal that this image has been blown up into a huge poster with the words "WHO IS VYLETTE?" in big, block letters. The posters are everywhere. A Warhol painting gone amok. Fern's Wannabe's enter the lunch area and see the multitude of posters.

WANNABE #1
(reading the poster)
Vylette?

WANNABE #2
What the hell is this?

CUT TO:

137 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 137

Fern pulls up, looking incredible in her corvette.

138 EXT. LUNCH AREA 138

The CROWDED lunch area is BUZZING. Fern enters like royalty, immediately confronted with the blown-up images of her old, sad self. Students look at her...beginning to make the connection. Fern FAINTS, BANGING HER HEAD on a cafeteria table.

WANNABE #1
Oh my God! *Vylette!*

CUT TO:

139 INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY 139

Fern's eyes flutter open. Her head is bandaged. A NURSE looks down at her.

NURSE
There we are. You took quite a fall, young lady.

FERN
What happened?

NURSE
You fainted in the lunch area.

The nurse looks over her file.

NURSE
I want you to take it easy, Fern.

FERN
What did you say?

NURSE
Your name *is* Fern Mayo, correct?

FERN
No. No, it's not.

NURSE
Well, it says right here--

139

Fern gets up and stumbles out of the office.

FERN
Get me out of here.

CUT TO:

140 INT. HALLWAY 140

Fern enters the hallway. The walls are lined with the same unattractive yearbook photo. Brenda and another CHEERLEADER pass Fern.

BRENDA
God, can you imagine?

CHEERLEADER
Such a wanna-be.

They LAUGH and walk away. Dane sees her and begins to LAUGH.

DANE
You're Fern Mayo! I can't believe it!
Fern *fucking* Mayo! Holy shit!

The LAUGHTER grows.

VOICE
Vylette is Fern Mayo!

More and more people become aware of Fern.

VOICE #2
I *thought* she looked familiar...

Pointing. LAUGHING. Gawking at her.

VOICE #3
Take off your mask, Fern!

VOICE #4
Who do you think you are?

It becomes DEAFENING. Fern is overwhelmed. Staggering.

VOICE #4
Loser! Loser! Loser!

Blood begins to saturate her bandage, running down her forehead, into her eyes.

She arrives at the end of the SPINNING HALL.

(CONTINUED)

From Fern's P.O.V., we see COURTNEY and MARCIE, who's FACES DISTORT in a sea of crimson.

COURTNEY
It's over, *bitch*.

Marcie's CRUEL LAUGH MULTIPLIES into a DEAFENING SHRIEK.

141 EXT. MONDALE HIGH - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 141

Julie and Zach pull into the parking lot. Julie sees one of the discarded posters on the ground and picks it up.

JULIE
What the hell is this?

CUT TO:

142 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 142

The hallway is empty. Patches of posters have been torn off the walls, littering the floor. A JANITOR sweeps. In the middle of the hall lies Fern, a motionless heap among the debris. Julie comes running down the hall with Zach. She clears the trash off Fern.

JULIE
Fern? Fern, are you okay?

Fern slowly comes to life, dried blood caked on her face.

JULIE (cont'd)
Fern? It's me, Julie.

Fern, in a daze, slowly rises.

FERN
I'm not Fern, I--

She sees Julie and begins to realize the reality of her situation.

FERN
Oh my God...

Fern gets up and runs down the hall like a frightened child. The janitor turns to Zach and Julie.

JANITOR
Now that's a lost soul.

CUT TO:

143 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 143

Fern PEELS OUT of her space to reveal Courtney and Marcie supervising a JOCK who SPRAYS over the name 'Vylette'. Julie and Zach come out to see Fern SPEEDING away.

144 EXT. HARMONY POINT - DAY 144

Fern sits on the incline under the bridge, CRYING. Julie and Zach pull up.

JULIE
I'll be right back.

Julie approaches Fern.

JULIE
Do you mind if I sit here?

FERN
If you want to.

Julie sits. She tries to make eye contact, but Fern only stares down. Fern looks up momentarily. Julie catches her gaze. Fern quickly shifts her eyes downward.

FERN (cont'd)
How can you do that?

JULIE
Do what?

FERN
How can you look at me? I'm shit. I'm reprehensible.

JULIE
No, you're not.

FERN
I'm nothing. I mean, before all of this, I was something. I wasn't much, but I was something.

JULIE
You were a good person, Fern.

FERN
A lot of good that did me. Look at me. I'm nothing. I'm shit. I'm nobody.

JULIE
I don't blame you for what you did, Fern. I know what it's like to be scared. That night at Liz's house, we were terrified. I mean, it wasn't like you had a choice.

FERN
I'm so sorry, Julie. I'm so sorry for everything.

Fern BREAKS DOWN.

JULIE
It's okay, Fern. It's okay. I know. I know...

Julie holds Fern and makes eye contact with Zach.

145 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 145

Julie, Fern and Zach sit across from Courtney and Marcie. Cruz stands between them.

CRUZ
We seem to have a bit of a disagreement as to what happened the day of Liz's death.
(to Courtney)
I've been told by these two that you put Liz's body back in bed, and made it look like she was murdered.

MARCIE
They're lying. It's a total lie.

COURTNEY
We were nowhere near Liz's house, you know that. We were getting our nails done.

JULIE
What?!

MARCIE
The owner of the salon vouched for us.

Julie shoots Courtney a look. Courtney smiles at her.

CRUZ
That's true.

COURTNEY
Get a grip, Julie.

CRUZ
(to Courtney)
And Fern here claims she entered the house through the back door, went upstairs, and heard you admit to Liz's murder.

COURTNEY
Wait. Didn't you already catch the killer?

CRUZ
We have a man in custody who fits the description of the man seen leaving Liz's house that morning, and the sperm we collected was confirmed to be his.

JULIE
Sperm?!

COURTNEY
So what difference does any of this make? They caught him, right?

CRUZ
Well--

JULIE
God, Courtney. What innocent person did you frame now? What other life have you destroyed? You called in sick for Liz that morning. Tell her!

COURTNEY
I did. I figured Liz slept in. I called school to cover her ass. That's what friends do for friends.

MARCIE
Julie doesn't know what friends are for. She alienated all of us with her jealousy. And come on, Fern. No offense, but everyone knew you were in love with Liz. It's okay. I have nothing against lesbians.

Marcie smiles at Cruz.

FERN
Is that why you transformed me into one of you?

MARCIE
Transformed you?

COURTNEY
We thought you were a new girl. We lost a close friend and you came in a time of need.

JULIE
You have all the answers, don't you, Courtney. You've got it all figured out.

COURTNEY
Liz was my best friend, Julie. I'm only interested in the truth.

JULIE
The truth?! You are so full of shit.

CRUZ
That's enough. It's been a long day.
(beat)
Julie, I know you're upset, and in some way feel responsible for what happened to Liz. But Liz was her own person, and she made the bed she died in.
(beat)
Right now, this is what we have. She brought a guy home that night, a stranger. Things got a little rough. He liked little girls and she liked hard candy -- A combo that proved to be lethal.

JULIE
I can't believe this.

CRUZ
So, why don't you all go home now and enjoy being teenagers. Go to the drive-in, make out with your boyfriend, then try to sneak into your house without your parents finding out. That's the only crime you should be committing.
(beat)
Officer, show these kids to the door.

They get up to leave.

COURTNEY
Thanks, Vera.

MARCIE
Yeah, thanks Detective Cruz.

After they leave, Cruz turns to Officer #1.

CRUZ
Courtney Shayne. I want her followed.

CUT TO:

146 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT 146

Julie, Zach, Fern, Courtney and Marcie walk down the flourescent-lit hall. Courtney WHISPERS in Julie's ear.

COURTNEY
The *jizz* was my idea.

Courtney and Marcie walk away.

147 EXT. ZACH'S T-BIRD - NIGHT 147

Zach drives. Julie shotgun. Fern in back.

JULIE
She must have brought someone back to Liz's house that night.

ZACH
What did she do with the body?

JULIE
I don't know. I don't want to know.

ZACH
Some poor guy thought he was getting lucky. Boy, was he wrong.

FERN
How can she do that? She's so evil.

JULIE
She doesn't think twice.

FERN
She's only in high school.

ZACH
Damien was just a child and he was the Antichrist.

JULIE
What are we going to do?

(CONTINUED)

FERN
What can we do?

ZACH
Go to the Prom?

JULIE
You're not serious.
(beat)
Are you?

FERN
We can stop by a slaughter house and pick up some pig's blood.

JULIE
I just want to forget it all.

ZACH
Yeah.

FERN
We'll never be able to forget.

They drive into the night.

148 INT. JULIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 148

Julie is seeping in the bathtub. Candles flicker everywhere. BRYAN FERRY plays on the tape deck. She slips underwater, losing herself in the steam. There's a KNOCK on the door.

JULIE'S MOM
(O.S.)
Julie? Julie, honey?

Julie is underwater.

JULIE'S MOM
(cont'd)
(O.S.)
Julie? Are you okay in there?

Julie comes up for air.

JULIE
What is it, Mom?

JULIE'S MOM
(O.S.)
Mrs. Purr came by the house. She brought over some things of Liz's that she thought you might like to have.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE
Okay.

Julie emerges from the bath.

149 INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 149

Julie sits on her bed in bathrobe, her hair wrapped in a towel, going through items in a large bag. She takes out an envelope full of photographs. Liz, Courtney, Marcie and Julie at theme parks, beaches, by the pool. She takes out a little teddy bear, which she smells. Tears fill her eyes as memories of Liz come flooding back. She continues to dig through the bag, coming up with a program from a *Tiffany* concert. She flips through the program, baffled at her own tastelessness, when a birthday card falls out. The card looks familiar. Intrigued, Julie opens it.

COURTNEY'S VOICE EMITS FROM A MINISCULE SPEAKER IN THE CARD.

COURTNEY
(V.O.)
Will you relax? We killed someone. Paranoia's perfectly normal.

Julie turns white. She can't believe her ears. The electronic birthday card that Julie discovered in Liz's bedroom recorded Courtney's voice. She closes the card and re-opens it.

COURTNEY (cont'd)
(V.O.)
Will you relax? We killed someone. Paranoia's perfectly normal.

Julie kisses the card and WHISPERS.

JULIE
Thank you.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. MONDALE HIGH - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT 150

The school is decorated to the nines. Colored lights illuminate the stark white architecture in surreal patterns. A procession of limousines pull up, as bedazzled COUPLES emerge. Spirits are high. EVERYONE is dressed to the hilt.

An ultra-stretched pitch black limo pulls up. Out comes Courtney Shayne, something out of the pages of *Vogue*, in an ultra sheer dress, her hair pulled back in a glossy switch, lips slicked like vinyl. Dane gets out after her, the

150 CONTINUED: 150

ultimate pretty boy jock in top-of-the-line Armani. Marcie is next, in a deep red wrap-around, hair framing her face in snake-like tendrils, followed by a COLLEGE STUD, early twenties and cock sure of his J-Crew good looks.

COURTNEY
Let's tear it up.

CUT TO:

151 INT. MONDALE HIGH - AUDITORIUM 151

The Prom is JUMPING. TECHNO MUSIC BLARES as couples dance on the THUMPING dance floor.

The Gothic Girl dances alone, trance-like. Eerie magenta light pierces her spiderweb veil.

Courtney and Marcie enter with their dates, radiating charisma and sexuality. All eyes are riveted to them. People are seduced. Entranced. Fear and awe, intermingled.

COURTNEY
Shall we find our table?

DANE
After you.

CUT TO:

152 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 152

Zach sits with Julie and Fern in the back of a plush limousine. Zach wears a vintage tux. Julie, in a sleek form fitting gown. Fern looks resplendent in a Sixties Prom dress. All three sip champagne.

ZACH
This is going to be a night to remember.

JULIE
You better believe it.

Fern makes a toast.

FERN
To Prom Queens.

JULIE AND ZACH
Prom Queens.

The three clink their glasses.

153 INT. AUDITORIUM 153

The party is in FULL SWING. Courtney and Dane dance. Dane is a bit spastic, but Courtney is oblivious, undulating her hips and seducing everyone around her.

154 AT THE TABLE 154

Marcie holds court with her college stud and a gaggle of cheerleaders and their jock dates.

MARCIE
It's a shame Julie couldn't make it tonight.

BRENDA
Isn't her boyfriend in Drama?

CHAD
I bet they couldn't decide who got to wear the dress!

The table breaks out LAUGHING.

MARCIE
You are evil.

CHEERLEADER #2
Listen to the Queen of the Damned over here.

BRENDA
Speak of the devil.

CUT TO:

155 THE ENTRANCE 155

Zach enters with Fern and Julie on each arm.

156 AT MARCIE'S TABLE 156

CHEERLEADER #2
Talk about the threesome from hell.

BRENDA
Fern's got someone to play with, but what's Zach gonna do?

The table ERUPTS IN FEROCIOUS LAUGHTER.

157 ON THE DANCE FLOOR 157

Courtney sees the three enter. She catches Marcie's attention.

COURTNEY
(to Dane)
I'll be back.

She leaves the dance floor.

158 AT MARCIE'S TABLE 158

MARCIE
Excuse me for a second.

Marcie gets up.

159 THE TABLE AREA 159

Zach, Julie and Fern make their way to their table. Courtney and Marcie come from opposite directions, cutting them off.

COURTNEY
Fancy meeting you here.

JULIE
Hello, Courtney. Marcie.

MARCIE
So help me out here. Is this a group thing, or--

JULIE
It's whatever you want it to be, Marcie.

FERN
Let your imagination set you free.

Zach raises both Julie and Ferns hands up to his lips and kisses them.

MARCIE
Racy.

COURTNEY
Seriously. I want you three to have fun tonight. Let's forget about the past. No hard feelings, okay?

JULIE
No feelings whatsoever.

159

ZACH
Shall we?

Zach leads Julie and Fern away.

MARCIE
Lovely.

COURTNEY
The Prom Queen and his jesters.

CUT TO:

160 COURTNEY AND MARCIE'S TABLE 160

Courtney and Marcie return to their table.

DANE
Hey, baby.

MARCIE
I'm bored out of my mind.

COLLEGE STUD
We just got here.

MARCIE
I think it's time for room service.

COURTNEY
Marcie, dear. Reality check. There's a certain announcement that needs to be made.

DANE
Yeah. Give it up for the Prom Queen.

MARCIE
I'm sorry. I forgot.

COURTNEY
You know how I am about nostalgia.

MARCIE
I know, I know. It's about the memories, not the feelings behind them.

COURTNEY
Exactly. I mean, look at people with their cameras. Snapping photos. Pushing people together. There's no real feelings there. But once that photo's taken, it's a piece of history -- A tale,
(MORE)

160 CONTINUED: 160

COURTNEY (cont'd)
a yarn, a fantasy you can tell your grandchildren for years to come.

CUT TO:

161 THE STAGE 161

Miss Sherwood TAPS the microphone, creating ear-splitting FEEDBACK.

MISS SHERWOOD
Oops. Sorry, everyone. Well, welcome to Mondale High's Senior Prom!

The STUDENTS CHEER.

MISS SHERWOOD
(cont'd)
You always were a spirited bunch!

VOICE #1
Fuck off!

VOICE #2
Get to the point!

MISS SHERWOOD
Oh. Okay... Well, it's the moment you've all been waiting for. The announcement of Mondale High's Prom King and Queen!

She opens the envelope.

MISS SHERWOOD
(cont'd)
Oh, I love this part.
(beat)
Oooh. Our Prom King this year is Dane Sanders!

APPLAUSE and CHEERS. Dane makes his way to the stage, SLAPPING HANDS with all of his JOCK BUDDIES along the way. Miss Sherwood crowns him.

162 AT ZACH'S TABLE 162

Zach sits with Julie and Fern. They APPLAUD. Zach checks his watch.

163 ON THE STAGE 163

MISS SHERWOOD
And now, for the cherry on the cake of a terrific year.

(CONTINUED)

Miss Sherwood fusses with the envelope.

MISS SHERWOOD
(cont'd)
I'm very pleased to announce that the Prom Queen to reign over our kingdom here at Mondale High is....*Courtney Shayne*!

The CROWD ERUPTS in APPLAUSE.

Courtney stands, covering her mouth in faux surprise. She and Marcie embrace. Her entire table stands with her, giving her a standing ovation.

As she makes her way to the stage, the entire senior class rises, table by table.

Julie rises with Zach and Fern. Zach hands her a Polaroid.

Courtney climbs the stairs to the stage, turning to wave back to the audience.

She meets Dane. They kiss. Miss Sherwood hands her an overflowing bouquet of red roses. She is about to place the tiara on Courtney's head, when --

The back doors to the auditorium BURST OPEN. A MILITIA OF UNIFORMED COPS rush inside, taking places in attack formation.

Students turn, STUNNED.

Miss Sherwood STUTTERS INCOHERENTLY.

Four of the COPS converge on Courtney, WHIPPING her hands behind her back.

Courtney's bouquet of roses falls to the floor, TRAMPLED by the officer's black boots, as she is HANDCUFFED in a flash of steel.

Marcie looks on in complete shock.

MARCIE
Courtney?!

AN OFFICER'S VOICE ECHOS OVER THE LOUDSPEAKERS.

COP #1
(O.S.)
Courtney Shayne, you are wanted for the murder of Elizabeth Purr.

CLASSMATES GASP. EVERYONE IS BEYOND BELIEF.

COP #1
(O.S.)
You have the right to remain silent, anything you say may be held against you...etc.

Dane falls to the floor, lying with his hands behind his back, WHIMPERING like the coward that he is.

They drag Courtney down the stairs.

COURTNEY
WHAT'S HAPPENING!!??

She SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER, throwing back her head. Her glass tiara comes hurtling off IN SLOW MOTION, SHATTERING on the stage.

Marcie makes her way toward Courtney, SCREAMING.

MARCIE
COURTNEY!? COURTNEY?!

COPS violently WRANGLE HER from behind, hauling her down the isle.

COP #2
Marcie Fox, you are wanted for the murder of Elizabeth Purr...etc.

The entire senior class of Mondale High watches in utter disbelief.

Courtney is SCREAMING. FLAILING. HOWLING. The COPS SHOVE HER past tables of immaculately dressed classmates.

Julie, Zach and Fern watch, savoring every minute of it.

A Make-up Monger RIPS her corsage off, and throws it at Courtney, NAILING HER in the face.

MAKE-UP MONGER
I HATE YOU!

OTHER GIRLS, from every social strata, take the cue, RIPPING OFF their corsages and throwing them at Courtney, PELTING HER FACE, HER DRESS, ARMS, LEGS, NEEDLES PRICKING HER SKIN.

MAKE-UP MONGER
Murderer!

GOTHIC CLASSMATE
Burn, bitch!

STONER CHICK
It's payback time!

Even the CHEERLEADERS join in -- (The consummate followers) TEARING OFF their corsages and HURLING THEM at Courtney.

CHEERLEADER #1
How could you!? How could you!?

BRENDA
WHY COURTNEY?! WHY? WHY?

Blackened tears streak down Courtney's face. She begins to LAUGH, quietly at first, and then LOUDER, SCREAMING with LAUGHTER. She is beyond repair.

ZACH
(to Julie)
Are you going to do it?

JULIE
Here we go.

Julie aims the Polaroid.

JULIE
One is for bitch. Two is for witch.
Three!

ALL SOUND DRAINS OUT.

WE HEAR AND SEE ONLY THE PHOTO, SPITTING OUT OF THE CAMERA,

The IMAGE OF COURTNEY APPEARS, body flung in mid-air, mouth contorted in mid-scream, like something out of a mad house.

FERN
(V.O.)
This is high school, Detective Cruz.
What *is* a friend, anyway?

WE PULL OUT TO REVEAL THE PHOTO OF COURTNEY ON A PAGE OF THE YEARBOOK.

THE YEARBOOK SLAMS SHUT.

BLACK.